

ROS CODE MOSCOW

WHO KILLED



IT HAD BEEN SOME
PARTY, BUT NOW
ROCK 'N' ROLL WUZ
DEAD. BUTCHERED
BY ONE O' HIS GUESTS!

SOMEBODY HAD TO
FIND THE KILLER...
BEFORE THE KILLER
FOUND THEM! IT WUZ
DO OR DIE, BUDDY!!

ROCK 'N' ROLL!

ROZCOE MOSCOW



**DICK! IT'S PRIVATE
DICK! NOT DUCK!!**

**A MAN! A GUN
CRUEL AND
UNUSUAL....**

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?

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"THE CORPSE WORE LEATHER!!"

IT WAS LATE. TOO LATE. I WAS
IN MY OFFICE, STACKIN' UP THE
Z'S WHEN THE PHONE RANG...



DRINNGG!
ZING-A-DING! ZING!
ZING! HONK! OOT! ZE

**BRINGG!
RING-A-DING! ZING!
RING-HONK! OLE!
FOOT! ZEE!**

AT THE STIFF SHOP I GLANCED
AT ROCKY'S MORTAL REMAINS...
FRANKLY, I'D SEEN HIM IN
BETTER CONDITION...



HERE HE IS, MR. MOS-COW... SHOT, STABBED, BURNED, DROWNED, HUNG, POISONED AND CRUSHED....

I NODDED. IT ALL TIED
IN... BUT SOMETHING—
CALL IT A HUNCH, CALL
IT A PREMONITION—
TOLD ME IT WASN'T
AS EASY AS THAT...



AN
OBVIOUS
SUICIDE!

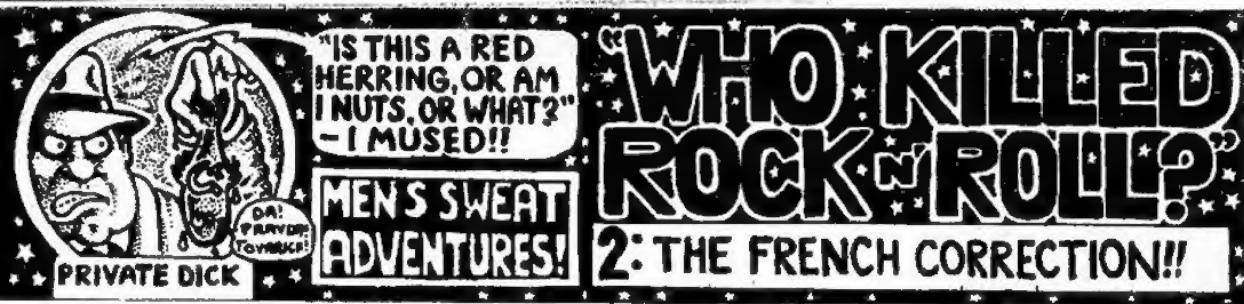
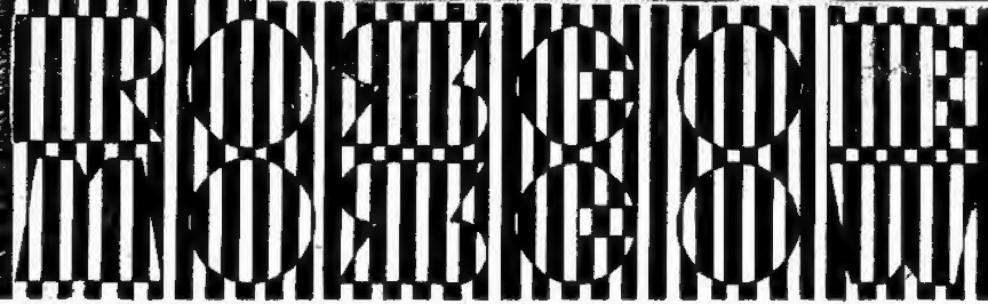
I PUT ON MY HAT... I WAS
ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN I
NOTICED SOMETHING... A
WRISTWATCH, CLUTCHED IN
ROCKY'S DECEASED DIGITS!
ON AN IMPULSE,
I SLIPPED IT INTO
MY POCKET...



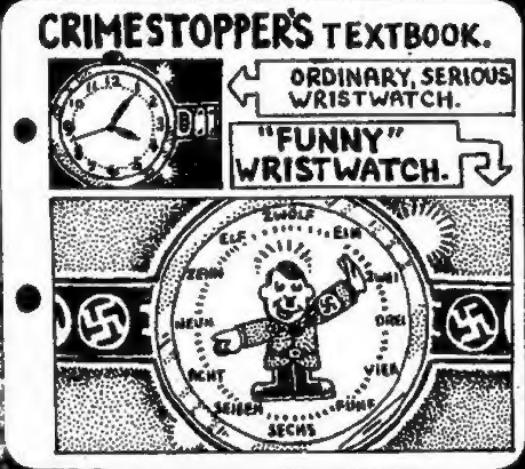
..IT WASN'T MUCH..
MAYBE NOTHING..
I FROWNED AND
WALKED OFF...
INTO THE NIGHT..



..MR. MOSCOW
YOU FORGOT
YOUR PHONE!!!



ROCK N'ROLL WAS DEAD,
A MYSTERIOUS WRIST-
WATCH CLUTCHED IN
HIS MORTIFIED MITT!!
BUT THIS WAS NO FIVE
AND DIME ORDINARY WRISTWATCH!!
IT LOOKED...I DUNNO...."FUNNY"....



A COLLEGE PROFESSOR I AIN'T,
BUT I SURE KNEW FRENCH WHEN
I SAW IT!! HMM..SO I WAS LOOK-
ING FOR A HOMICIDAL FRENCH-
MAN!! ONLY ONE PERSON FITTED
THAT DESCRIPTION....



...I STEPPED INSIDE!



"IS THIS A RED
HERRING, OR AM
I NUTS, OR WHAT?"
- I MUSED!!

MEN'S SWEAT
ADVENTURES!

WHO KILLED
ROCK N'ROLL?
2: THE FRENCH CORRECTION!!

PAINSTARTERS
• THE CHINESE BURN:
ONE OF TODAY'S MOST
COST-EFFECTIVE METHODS
OF CRUSING BLIND
CRIPPLING AGONY.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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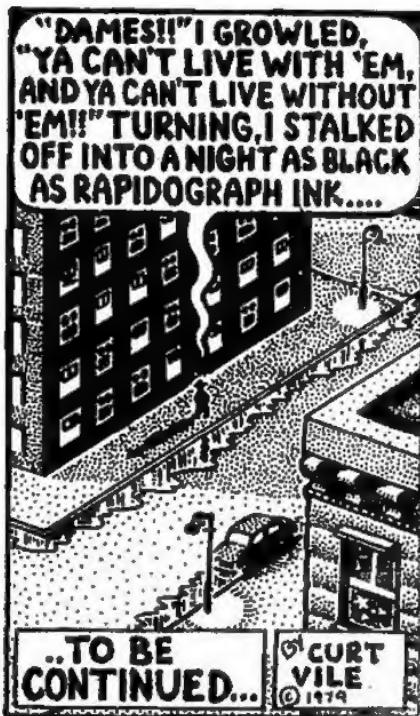
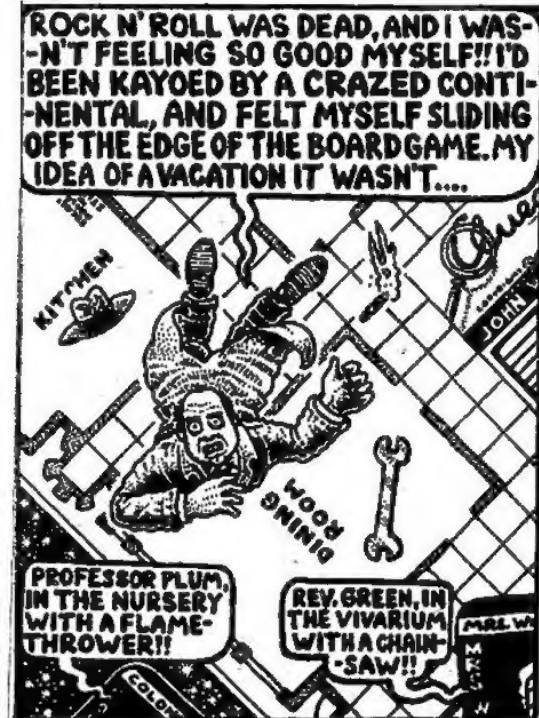
ROSCOE MOSCOW



SLEEP!! IT'S THE
BIG SLEEP!! NOT
THE BIG SHEEP!!
AIN'T THAT RIGHT,
ROCHESTER??
SURE AS SHIT, BOSS!

A MIND ON
THE SKIDS!

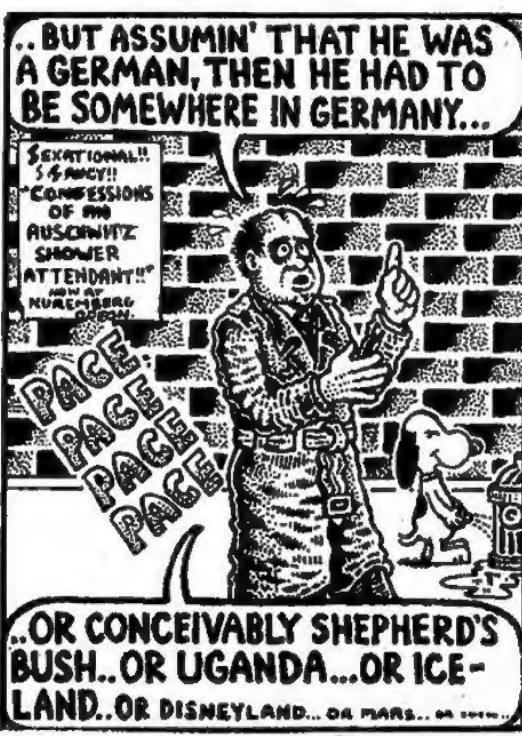
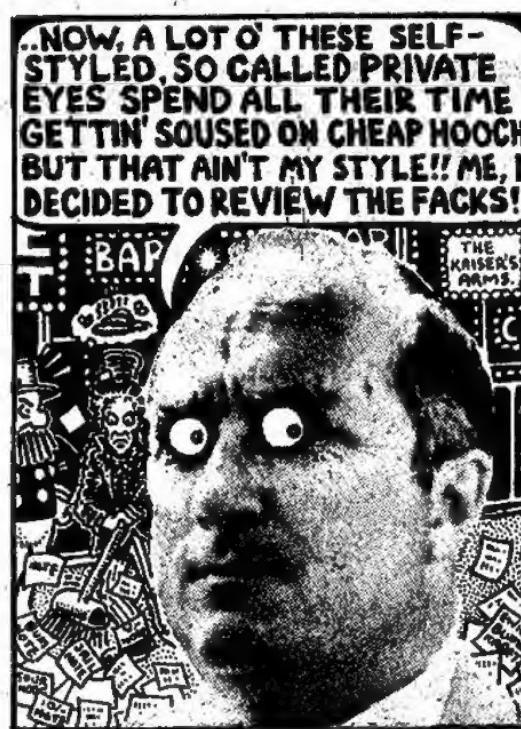
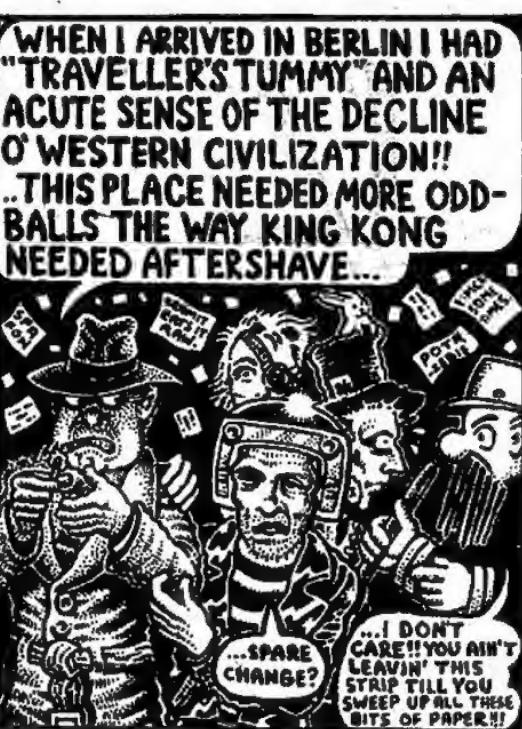
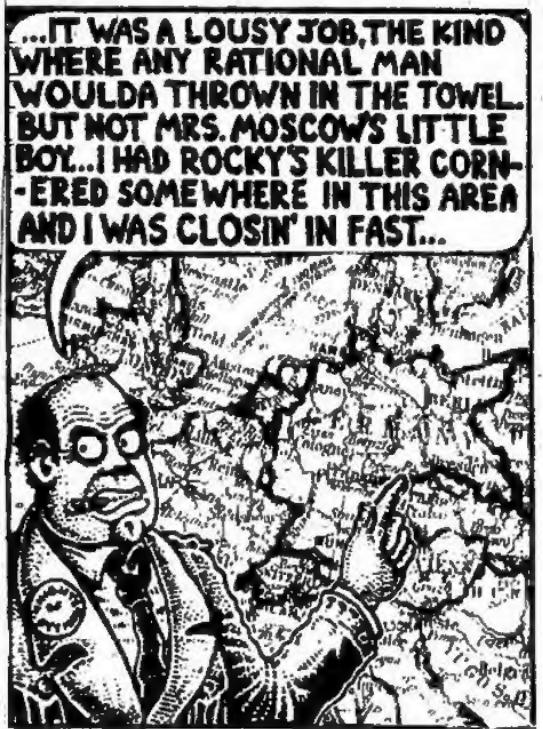
WHO KILLED ROCK-N-ROLL? 3: "THE BIG SHEEP!!"





"WHO KILLED ROCK-N-ROLL?"

4: THE PARANOID ABROAD!!



ROSCOE MOSCOW'S

ALLURING AND
VIVACIOUS
YOUNG WIFE.
THE ADORABLE

Maxine



...CHEE, THIS IS MY
FIRST COMIC STRIP
Y'KNOW...PLEASE
BE GENTLE...

SHE STANDS
BY HER MAN!

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?

5: ENTER THE FOETAL FREUDIAN!

BERLIN WAS SLIGHTLY MORE FUN THAN BEING EATEN ALIVE BY TIGER ANTS. I HIT TOWN, THE BOTTLE AND THE PITS, ROUGHLY IN THAT ORDER..WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WUZ THAT BACK HOME, MAXINE, MY SCATTERBRAINED SEXTOP SECRETARY WAS CHEWIN' THE FAT WITH DR.ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE, THE WORLD FAMOUS DEFORMED PSYCHOLOGIST....



...AND THE FAT IN QUESTION WAS ME!!

...SO, LIKE, NOW ROSCOE THINKS THAT HE'S A PRIVATE EYE, AN' HE THINKS THAT, LIKE, I'M HIS SECRETARY, AND HE'S TAKEN ALL THE MONEY OUT OF OUR JOINT BANK ACCOUNT AND HE'S JUST SORT OF, ER, GONE TO BERLIN, Y'KNOW, AND... AND... OH, DR. VON ZYGOTE..WADDAMI GONNA DO?? HE'S SUCH A MESSED-UP JERK....



..COME COME, MRS. MOSCOW!! WHILE YOUR HUSBAND IS CERTAINLY WHAT WE DOCTORS TERM A "QUIVERING SICKO", IT MAY NOT BE A CAUSE FOR REAL CONCERN...WHAT IS FAR MORE WORRYING IS THE POSSIBILITY OF MR. MOSCOW'S OLD DRINK PROBLEM REAPPEARING...



YOU SAY HE'S BEEN OFF THE JUICE SINCE WE DRIED HIM OUT LAST TIME??

DR. ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE.

...I THINK SO DOCTOR...BUT, LIKE, EVERY TIME I ASK HIM ABOUT HIS DRINK PROBLEM HE JUST SAYS "I DRINK, I FALL OVER. NO PROBLEM!!" ...Y'KNOW, DOC, SOMETIMES HE CAN BE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS...



JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID,
IT DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE NOT OUT TO GET YOU.

..QUITE SO. BUT FROM STUDYING YOUR HUSBAND'S FILE, I'VE FOUND EVIDENCE OF SERIOUS ALCOHOL INDUCED DELUSIONS...



...FOR INSTANCE, MR. MOSCOW EXECUTED THIS DRAWING DURING HIS LAST STAY AT "SUNNYVUE"...IT SHOWS "MYCROFT", A SIX-FOOT TALL CROW WEARING A ZOOT SUIT. "MYCROFT" WOULD APPEAR WHENEVER YOUR HUSBAND DRANK TOO MUCH...WHEN THE DRINKING STOPPED, "MYCROFT" VANISHED...HOPEFULLY FOREVER....



..SHOULD YOUR HUSBAND HAVE EVEN ONE DRINK, IT COULD TRIGGER OFF A PSYCHOTIC EPISODE WITH HIDEOUSLY TRAUMATIC REPERCUSSIONS!!!



..MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE BERLIN BIERKELLER I'D JUST KILLED MY EIGHTH SCHTRAIGHT SCHNAPPS AND MORTALLY WOUNDED MY NINTH, WHEN SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR VOICE BUZZED INTO MY SKULL...



ROScoe!! YOU OLD SON OF A BITCH!! HOW'YA DOIN'???

LONG TIME NO SEE, EH, BUDDY?? KARK! KARK!..SAY, LE'S GET US A LITTLE DRINKY..KARK! KAAAARRK!!



..IT LOOKED LIKE BEING ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS...

ANOTHER PSYCHOTIC EPISODE NEXT WEEK...

© CURT VILE THE FUHRER'S FAVOURITE.

R 1 O 1 S 1 C 3 O 1 E 1
M 3 O 1 C 3 O 1 W 4



..FRANKLY, I'D RA-
THER HAVE A FRO-
NTAL LOBOTOMY!
THE SLEUTH
WITH COUTH!

WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?
6: LUSHED FOR LIFE!!

..IT WAS NIGHT. JUST LIKE ANY
OTHER NIGHT... HOT ON THE
SCENT OF ROCK 'N' ROLL'S KILLER,
I WAS PURSUING MY INVESTIGATIONS
IN THE BIERKELLERS OF BERLIN.
MY ONLY COMPANION WAS A SIX-
FOOT CROW WEARING A ZOOT
SUIT CALLED MYCROFT....



..SAY, ROSCOE.. DIS SURE
TAKES YA BACK, HUH? D'YA
REMEMBER DAT TIME YA
DISPLAYED YEZ BARE HAMS
TA THAT WOMEN'S INSTITUTE
MEETIN' BACK IN '58??
KARK! KARK! KARRRK!



HAW HAW!! YER FUGGIN'
'A' I DO!! HAW HAW HAW!!
DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN
I PROPOSED TO VELMA
SCHWARZ, AN' YOU MADE
ME LAUGH SO HARD THAT
I THREW UP OVER HER
MOTHER'S CHOW BITCH??
HAW HAW HAW HAW!!!



KARK! KARK! KARRRK!!
VELMA SCHWARZ! KARK!
KARK! JEEZUS! SHE MUSTA
BEEN THE UGLIEST WOMAN
IN THE WHOLE GODDAMM
WORLD!! KARK! KARK!!



NOBODY BADMOUTHS
MY MAMA, YOU COOTY
-ASSED SON OF A BITCH!
...I ROARED...



..SAY, ROSCOE. WAIT A
MINUTE!! I WUZ ONLY—
WHURP!!!
CRASH!!
..MY MOTHER WUZ A
GOOD WOMAN!!



..EVERYTHING..
AAAAA AAAA
..SHE'S
..THAT I AM TODAY.

WELLAH WELLAH!!
LOOKY HERE!! NOW, JUST
WHO IS THIS CHARACTER?
I MEAN, JUST WHAT IS
THIS GUY ALL ABOUT??
ENTER A MYSTERIOUS
STRANGER.

..LISTEN FELLA, I'M WIGGY
PULP, THE LIVING LEGEND,
AND I LIKE YOU! YOU'RE REAL!
YOU'RE DESPERATE! C'MON... WE
GONNA HAVE US A FUN TIME!!
..SURE, PAL...
SAME THING
MUHSELF.... I
SLURRED...

CONTINUED...

FUN WITHOUT
VULGARITY

ROB ZOOEY MOSCOW

IT HAD STARTED OUT AS THE KIND OF BAR-ROOM BRAWL WITH A GIGANTIC ZOOT-SUITED IMAGINARY CROW THAT ANYBODY COULD'VE GOT INVOLVED IN...BUT THEN WIGGY PULP, THE CELEBRATED 'FAST CHARACTER' ARRIVED, AND THINGS GOT PLAIN RIDICULOUS....



IT WAS A HIGH SOCIETY JOINT... THE HIGHEST!! CALLING THIS PLACE 'MODERN' WUZ LIKE CALLIN' JACK THE RIPPER AN ECCENTRIC...AND FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS WE WUZ ARRIVIN' IN MIDDLE OF A...



"HEY, WIGGY!" I WHINED, "WHERE ARE WE GOING??...AND WHUTHUHFUH HAPPENED TO MY CROW???"



...PARTY! EVERYBODY WHO WUZ ANYBODY WUZ THERE...THEN SUDDENLY WIGGY STOPPED TRYING TO BITE HIS OWN NOSE OFF AND YELLED:



Y'SEE, ROSCOE, ME AND YOU IS TWO OF A KIND...WE BOTH UNDERSTAND THAT ONLY IN THE DEPTHS OF PAIN, MADNESS AND SELF DEGRADATION IS TRUE LIBERATION POSSIBLE...



...SURE WE DO!! THAT'S WHY WE SOMETIMES GOTTA SHOW THE WORLD THE SICKNESS IN IT'S SOUL BY STICKIN' OURSELF IN THE EYE WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE...



...WE TRADED HANDLES...IT SEEMED LIKE 'THE BOSS' WUZ NONE OTHER THAN DAVID BOKO, THE SINGING BISEXUAL. (THIS IS HEP LINGO FOR A FAGGOT THAT CAN SPEAK TWO LANGUAGES....)



HE'S THE SWEETHEART OF THE AVANT GARDE!!!
PRIVATE JOKE

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

7: TERROR OF THE TACTLESS 'TEC!!

..IF GENIUS IS PAIN, THEN THIS GEEK MADE EINSTEIN LOOK LIKE A PIKER! BY THE TIME WE REACHED OUR DESTINATION, TWO HOURS LATER, HE WAS MISSING THREE TOES, ONE EAR-LOBE AND HIS APPENDIX...BUT MAYBE NOW I'D DISCOVER THE IDENTITY OF THE MYSTERIOUS 'BOSS' THAT WIGGY HAD REFERRED TO....



..I HAD TO CHOOSE MY WORDS CAREFULLY, TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION! "WE'LL GET ALONG JUST FINE, BUDDY," I SNARLED, "AS LONG AS YA CAN KEEP YA HANDS OFFA MY OL' BEEF BAZOOKA!!"



MORE SICK HUMOUR THAT SERVES NO PURPOSE NEXT WEEK!

STOP ME JUST ONE MORE AGAIN!

ROSCOE MOSCOW

..THE HUNT FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL'S KILLER HAD LED ME TO BERLIN AND THE MANSION OF DAVID BOKO. DOWNSTAIRS, AT THE PARTY, THEY WUZ STILL KICKING THE GONG AROUND. UPSTAIRS, I SEARCHED FURTIVELY FOR CLUES.. COULD IT ALL BE A HOMMA-SECKSHUL CONSPIRACY??



..I AIN'T SAYIN' THIS PLACE WUZ CREEPY, BUT IT MADE THE 'INNER SANCTUM' LOOK LIKE THE GLEE CLUB... INVESTIGATIN' AN UNLOCKED DOOR I FOUND MYSELF IN SOME KINDA LIBRARY. NOW ME, I ALLUS SEZ YA CAN TELL A FAGOLA BY THE BOOKS HE READS... THERE WUZN'T ONE HAROLD ROBBINS IN THA WHOLE BUNCH....



..SUDDENLY, A HAND LIKE A DEAD SQUID LANDED ON MY SHOULDER!! I REACTED WITH HAIR-TRIGGER SWIFTNESS...

EEEEEK!
... I SQUEALED...



"NOTHIN' YOU CAN PRO-VIDE, BUDDY BOY!!" I SNARLED, PUSHING PAST HIM INTO THE CORRIDOR...



..FUNNY THOUGH, HE LOOKED KINDA DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY HE HAD DOWNSTAIRS... MUSTA BIN A TRICK O' THE LIGHT.

MY STEEL TRAP MIND WAS WEIGHING THA FACKS WHEN SUDDENLY I ROUNDED A CORNER AND



MR. MOSCOW! HOW CHARMING TO RUN INTO YOU!!

"UP YOURS, WEIRDOS!!" I QUIPPED URBANELY, AS MY FEETS DID THEY STUFF!! THIS FREAKO-PERVO-SICKO GOT AROUND FASTER THAN CLAP AT A BIKER RALLY, AN' IT WUZ GETTIN' ME RATTLED!! BUT I WUZ HEP TO LOVERBOY'S LITTLE GAME... THE IDEA WUZ TO DIS-ORIENTALATE ME TILL I DROPPED MY GUARD, AND THEN WHAMMO!! -HE SLIPS ME THE OL' STEAK SUPPOSITORY....



..BUT ROSCOE MOSCOW IS NOBODY'S PATSY, AN' IF THIS SQUIFFY-EYED FRUIT-CAKE THOUGHT HE COULD...
GAHHHHH!!!

JUST WHAT IN HELL WUZ GOIN' ON? HOW WUZ THIS JOKER MOVIN' SO FAST? I DUCKED INTO AN UNLIT ROOM AND LOCKED THE DOOR.. "AT LAST!" I BREATHED, "ALONE!"



..WRONG AGAIN, ROSCOE MOSCOW!!



..IT WAS A BAD SITUATION -THE WORST!! THERE WUZ ONLY ONE THING TO DO. SUMMONIN' EVERY LAST RESERVE O' COURAGE AN' DETERMINATION AT MY COMMAND, I FAINTED!



TO BE CONTINUED...
© 1984
THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"
PART EIGHT: SEND IN THE CLONES!!

A ROSCOE MOSCOW Thriller.

MAY

Weird Tales

25¢



..ASK ME, KINDA
GUY WRITES DIS
SORTA JUNK, HE
GOTTA BE "ON THE
STUFF," KNOW
WHADDI
MEAN?

"WHO KILLED
DAVID BOKO?"
PART NINE: "...BUT HE THINKS HE'D
BLOW OUR MINDS!"

..I REMEMBERED A BRAIN-BLISTERING
GLIMPSE OF NINE DOZEN XEROXED
DAVID BOKOS (AND BELIEVE ME, ONE
WUZ TOO MANY!) BEFORE THE LIGHT
WENT OUT!! NOW I WUZ BEING
REVIVED BY WIGGY PULP, BOY AUTO
DESTRUCT ARTIST, AN' SUM HI-BROW
BIZARRO I NEVER SEEN BEFORE!!
I'D HEARD OF ABSURDITY...



..BUT DIS WUZ RIDICULOUS...

..NO..YA SEE, THE REAL DAVID BOKO AIN'T
GOT THE NECESSARY..UHH.."TEEN
APPEAL" FOR A BIG CHART KILLING, SO
HE HIRES ALL DESE DOPPLEGANGERS, ONE
TA CUT DA NEW ALBUM, ONE TA MAKE
THA FILM, ONE DOIN' THE TOUR 'AN'
SO ON...BUT LISSEN..THE REAL BOSS
IS JUST THROUGH THAT DOOR...WHY
NOT ASK HIM YASELF? OH, AN' THERES
NO SWEAT..HE AIN'T REALLY BISEXUAL...



WELCOME BACK, ROSCOE....
AHH...I GUESS DA SIGHT O' THA
BOSS IN HIS MULTIPLICITY
JUST ABOUT DAMPED YA DIODES.
HUH? OH, BY THE WAY, THIS IS
"BRAIN ONE"..HE'S DA CHIEF'S
AHH.."TECHNICAL ADVISOR..."



"CUT THE POOPADOODLE, YA
CREPOS!!" I GROWLED..I WANT
ANSWERS..AN' FAST!! WHAT'S
WITH THE LEGION O' LIMP-
WRISTED LOOKALIKES, HUH??
WHICH IS THA REAL DAVID BOKO??



©'79 BY CURT "BITE MY CRANK" VILE.

..ALTHOUGH, PERHAPS WE SHOULD
WARN YOU THAT MR. BOKO, COMING
AS HE DOES FROM A SOMEWHAT...
ERR..EXOTIC ETHNIC BACKGROUND
MAY SOMETIMES ELICIT A RESPONSE
OF PROFOUND DISORIENTATION
FROM THE INTERVIEWEE....



SPA FON
MR. MOSCOW.
I AM THE
REAL
DAVID BOKO!



BIZARRE
SCIENCE FICTION
TRUE DETECTIVE
HIDEOUS MURDER
COMICS WEEKLY
PRESENTS:

ROScoe MOSCOW

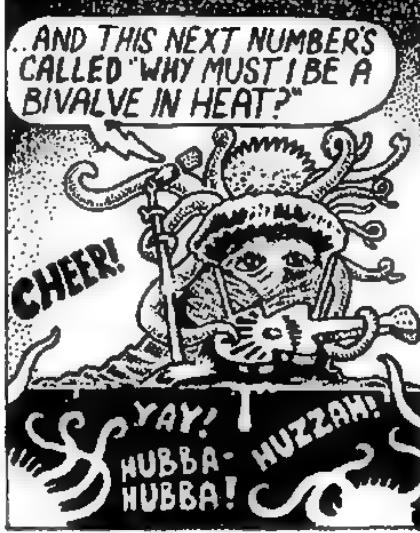
..I FIGGERED I'D HAD IT ROUGH...
WHEN I STARTED MY MAN-HUNT
FER ROCKY'S KILLER I'D OPENED
A CAN O' WORMS!! BUT DAVID
BOKO HAD IT WORSE...



DON'T SAY A WORD, MR. MOSCOW.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...
"WHAT'S A NICE EXTRATERRESTRI-
AL SLIME-MONSTER LIKE ME
DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?"



..IT WAS BACK ON MY HOME
WORLD IN THE TAU CETI SYSTEM.
I USED TO BE A BIG STAR,
WORSHIPPED BY BILLIONS...



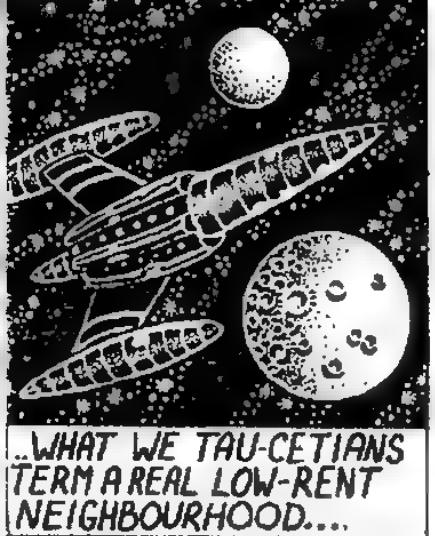
..ALL MY RECORDS WENT
"PLUTONIUM" INSTANTLY...
MY SONGS WERE ON EVERYONE'S
NOISE FLAPS... THE CRITICS
ADORED ME...



..BUT INEVITABLY THE BUBBLE
HAD TO BURST, AND ONE DAY...



..AND SO, LIKE SO MANY
TAU CETIAN TAX EXILES
BEFORE ME, I HIT THE TRAIL
OF TEARS LEADING TO EARTH...



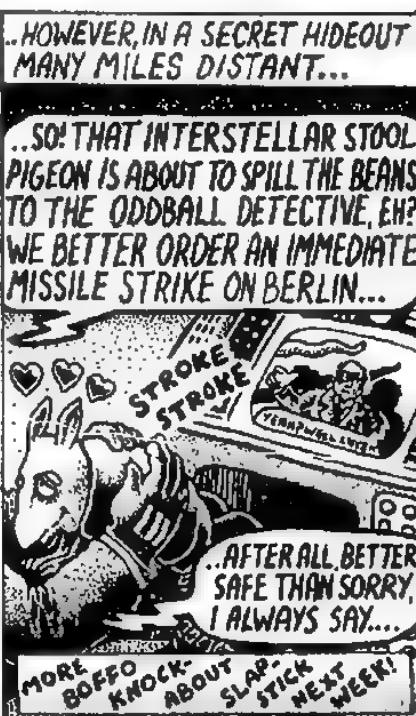
..THE REST YOU KNOW... ONCE
HERE I HIRED WIGGY PULP AND
"BRAIN ONE" TO LOOK AFTER
ME, AND THE HORDE OF
IDENTICAL "DAVID BOKOS"
TO PERFORM MY SONGS...



"LISTEN, BUSTER," I SNARLED
"DON'T THINK I'M FOOLED BY
THE HALLOWEEN COSTUME FER
A MINNIT!! ALL I WANT IS SOME
INFORMATION... LIKE MAYBE
WHO OWNS THIS MYSTERIOUS
GERMAN WRISTWATCH!!"



..HOWEVER, IN A SECRET HIDEOUT
MANY MILES DISTANT...



WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?

STARRING: AS THE DETECTIVE

ROSCOE MOSCOW



COULD
HE BE
AS STUPID
AS HE
LOOKED?

WITH:



WAS
MONEY
THE
MOTIVE?

AND
INTRODUCING:



AS THE PANEL BORDER

DAVID BOKO, "THE SEAFOOD SALAD THAT WALKED LIKE A MAN" HAD PROMISED ME A HOT TIP-OFF. I WUZ HIDIN' MY TIME IN THE COMPANY OF THE ENIGMATIC "BRAIN ONE" AN' LOVABLE NUTS-BOY, WIGGY PULP...



..WHAT I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF, HOWEVER, WUZ THAT COUNTLESS MILES AWAY, A CHARACTER KNOWN ONLY AS "THE SINISTER GLOVES" HAD JUST PRESSED THE BUTTON THAT SPELLED SIZZLING NUCLEAR DEATH FOR THE WHOLA BERLIN!!!



MEANWHILE, IT WUZ LATE, TOO LATE. I FELT OLD AND USED. "SAY, YA FREAKOS!!" I BARKED "I COULD USE ME SOME SHUTEYE! SOMEBODY SHOW ME THE SACK!!"



..ELSEWHERE IN THE MANSION THE WHOLE SICK CREW WUZ STILL PARTYIN' IT UP, SO "BRAIN ONE" TAKES ME DOWN TO THE "SUB-BASEMENT SUITE". QUIET? IT WUZ LIKE A LULL IN CONVERSATION BETWEEN HARPO MARX AN' MARCEL MARCEAU!! "SO DIS IS THA PLACE, HUH?" I QUERIED.



"OKAY, SHITEHEEL," I SNAPPED AS THE DOOR SWUNG SHUT BEHIND HIM. "I DIDN'T ASK FER YA LIFE-STORY!"



ELEVEN: HOLIDAY IN BERLIN. (FULL BLOWN)

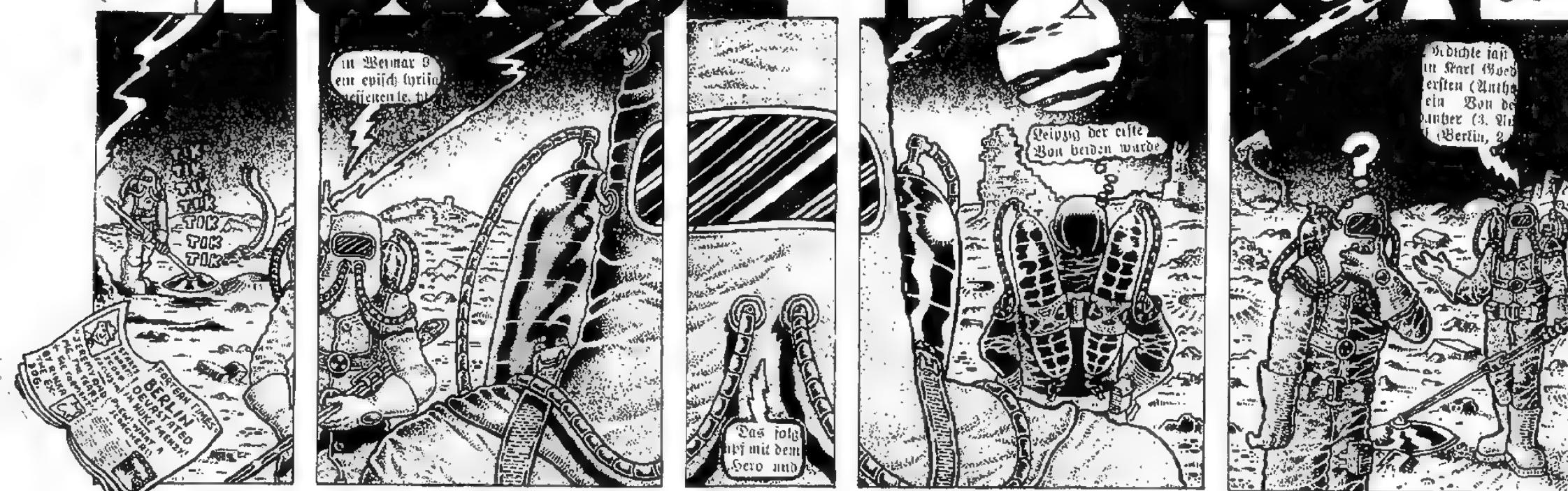
Who killed
Rockenford?

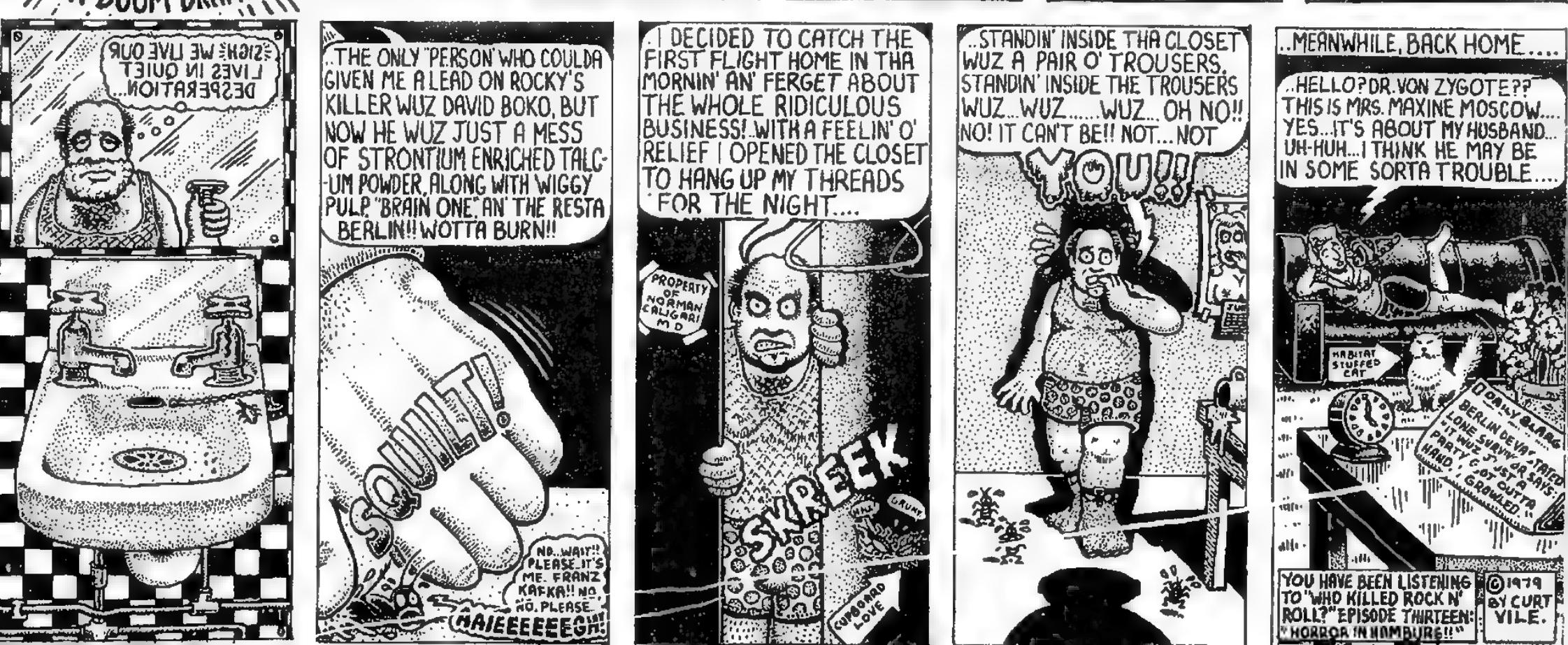
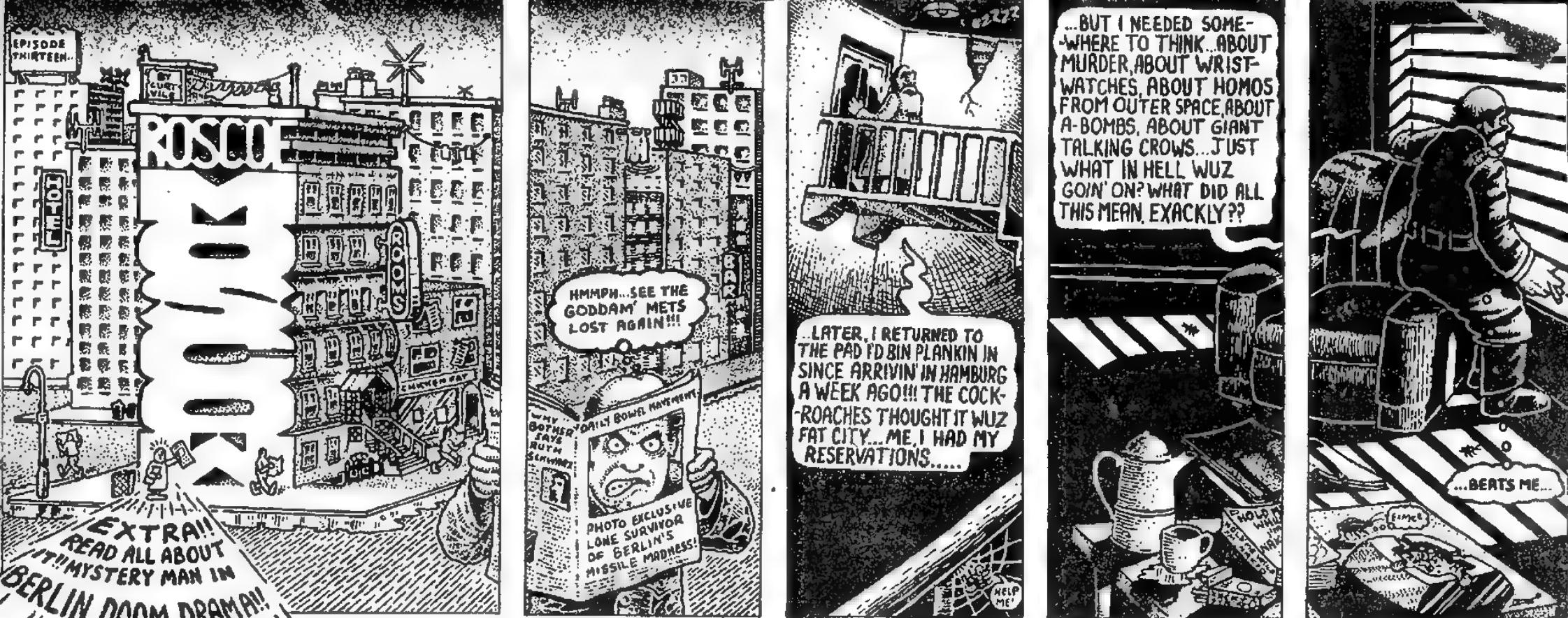
ROSCOF

"The Big Bang Theory"

MISCON

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Cuff Vi. 1







IT WUZ 90° IN THE SHADE,
BUT MY BLOOD RAN COLDER
THAN A SIX-PACK OF BUD AS
I LOOKED INTO THA FACE O'
THE TERRIBLE FIGURE COMING
OUTTA MY CLOSET AND RECOG-
NISED IT AS BELONGIN' TO...

LURK! FOR MORE
EXCITING 'UNDER-
WEAR SHOTS' OF
ROSCOE MOSCOW,
WRITE TO CURT VILE
C/O SOUNDS.



HEH HEH!! BETCHA RILLY
SURPRISED TO SEE ME,
HUH? BUDDY, HAVE I GOT A
STORY TO TELL YOU! WHY
DONCHA GET DRESSED, AN'
THEN I CAN GIVE YA THA
WHOLE SCAM WHILE WE
GET MELLOW...



...OVER A DRINK...

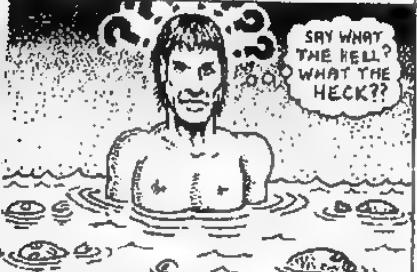
..SO THERE I WAS, STUCK IN THE
ACID BATH WITH TWO DOZEN PAIN-
CRAZED PIRHASAS AN' A THOUSAND
VOLT CABLE, WIT' THA MISSILE'S
DIVIN' TOWARD ME: EEEYOWW!!



...BY A FREAK BILLION-
TO-ONE ACCIDENT, THE
SHORTED 1000 V. CABLE
CREATED A POWERFUL
ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD...



...NO SUCH LUCK FER THE
PIRHASAS!! THEY ALL CROAKED
DUE TO THE TOXIC EFFECTS
OF THE ACID, AND IT'S A
CERT THAT I WOULD'A GONE
THE SAME WAY!! HOWEVER...



THE EFFECT OF THE VAST
ELECTRICAL CURRENT, PLUS
THE UNPREDICTABLE RADIATION
WAS TO STRANGELY TRANS-
MUTE THE LETHAL ACID..."

...CHANGIN' IT INTO A
COMPLETELY HARMLESS BUT
CURIOSLY RADIATION-RESISTIN'
SUBSTANCE WHICH SHIELDED
ME FROM THE FALL-OUT!!



...ISN'T THAT THE MOST
UNBELIEVABLE THING YOU EVER
HEARD?! BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!!
Y'SEE, ROSCOE...

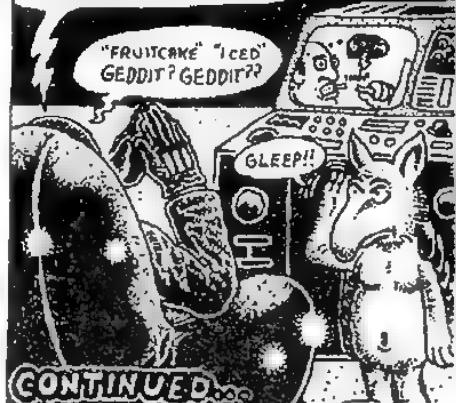


...I KNOW WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL!!!



...MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE
ELSE ALTOGETHER...

..HMM!! AMBROSE-GET A
MESSAGE TO OUR HAMBURG
OPERATIVE AND TELL HIM
THAT I WANT THOSE TWO
FRUITCAKES ICED
IMMEDIATELY!!!



CONTINUED...

HORROR IN HAMBURG!! WITH A SICK FEELIN' O'DREAD I RECOGNISED THE TERRIBLE FIGURE EMERGING FROM MY WARDROBE!! IT WUZ FUNNY, BUT ALL I COULD THINK OF WUZ MAXINE, FAITHFUL MAX-INE, THE BLONDE I'D LEFT BEHIND!! HOW WORRIED ABOUT ME SHE'D BE, HOW VULNERABLE...



CLOMP!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!

"MOONLIGHT + MUNCHKINS!!"

EVEN LATER...

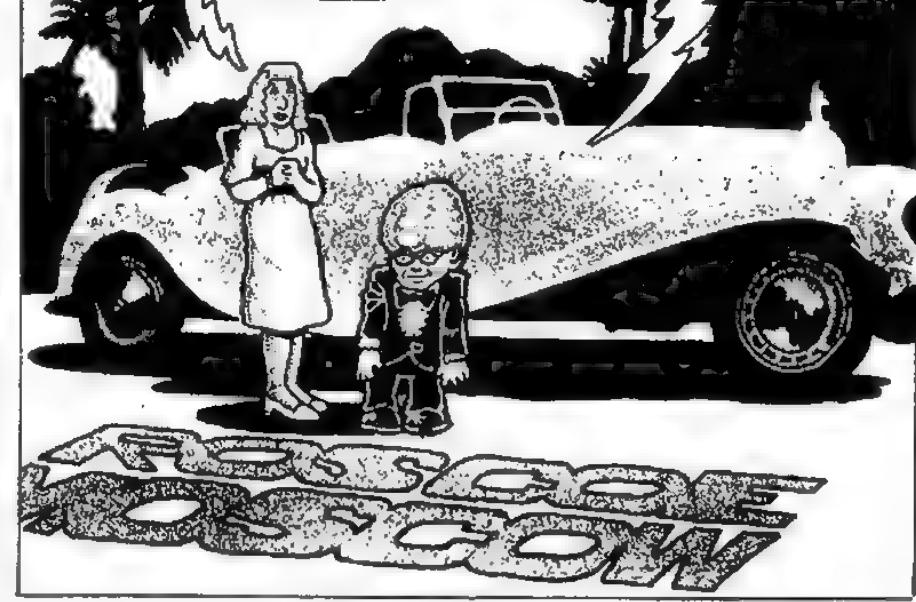
CRIMINY, DOC!! YER A REAL PEACHY DANCER!! I SURE APPRECIATE A GUY WHO GOT PLENNY O' CULCHA! ROSCOE'S TANGO USE'TA BE RILLY BAD NEWS, IF YA TAKE MY MEANIN'!!



"...HOW LONELY AND MISERABLE!!"

CHEE, DR. VON ZYGOTE!! IT'S REAL SWELL OF YA T' TAKE ME FER A MEAL AT A RITZY JOINT LIKE DIS!! YER A SHRINK INNA MILLION!!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, MY DEAR MRS. MOSCOW!! ALL MY CONSULTATION TIME WAS BOOKED, AND I DO TAKE A VERY...ER...SPECIAL INTEREST IN YOUR HUSBAND'S CASE!!



..LATER, OVER DINNER...

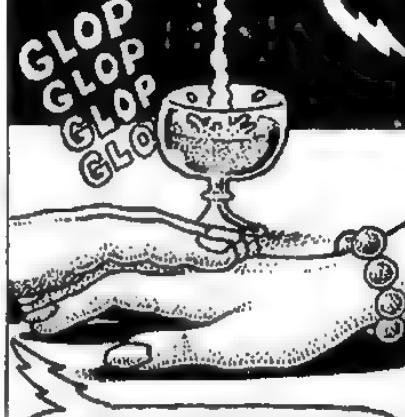
..AND SO, LIKE, WHEN I HEARD ABOUT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION O' BERLIN, I THOUGHT "JEEZ, ROSCOE, YA REALLY SHOT YA WAD DIS TIME!!" KNOW WHADDI MEAN?



TSK TSK! IT MUST BE VERY TRYING FOR YOU!! DO HAVE SOME MORE OF THIS CHARMING WINE....

..LATER STILL....

AN' ALSO, LIKE, WHADDAMI SUPPOSED T'BE DOIN' WHILE ROSCOE'S SHOOTIN' ROUND THA WORLD GETTIN' BOMBS DROPPED ON HIM, HUH? I MEAN, I'M A YOUNG WOMAN DOC, Y'KNOW??



..QUITE SO, MY DEAR, QUITE SO...HERE, ALLOW ME TO FURNISH YOU WITH A REFILL....

EPISODE 15 OF 'WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL' A CARTOON ROMANCE BY CURT "MR. SLOPPY OLD SENTIMENTALIST HIMSELF" VILE.

...THEREAFTER...

WHAT A SWELL NIGHT!! DOC, I GOTTA SAY THAT FER A LITTLE GUY, YOU GOT A HEART AS BIG AS ALL OUTDOORS, AN' I AIN'T JUST SAYIN' THAT...



..I MEAN, LIKE, ROSCOE AN' ME, WE'RE JUST PLAIN FOLK, Y'KNOW! AN' FER YOU T' GO OUTTA YER WAY T' HELP US LIKE THIS IS JUST SO GLITZY!! WHAT I MEAN DOC IS YER A REAL "GOOD SUMERIAN"!!



MRS. MOSCOW, I ASSURE YOU, YOUR CHARMING COMPANY IS AMPLE REWARD IN ITSELF! IT'S NOT OFTEN A HIDEOUSLY MISSHA-PEN DWARF SUCH AS I CAN ENJOY SUCH RADIANT COMPANIONSHIP...



MY! WHAT A SPLENDID VIEW!! LET US STOP THE CAR AND ADMIRE IT IN TRANQUILITY...



DOCTOR VON ZYGOTE!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M A DOCTOR...
F O B
DON'T WORRY MY DEAR, THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM....



TO BE
CONFOUNDED.

VILE-O-VISION
©1979 PAT PEND.



ROCK PARANOIDS: PLAY THE LAST PANEL OF THIS STRIP BACKWARDS AT 78R.P.M. AND DISCOVER A SECRET MESSAGE TELLING YOU SOMETHING TO YOUR ADVANTAGE CONCERNING PAUL MC CARTNEY AND JIM MORRISON!!!

..I NEEDED A DRINK THE SAME WAY THE MONA LISA NEEDED A HARE-LIP.. WITH A TREMBLIN' HAND I PUT THE UNTOUCHED GLASS BACK ON THE TABLE...



THIS STRIP IS FOR CHAD + AND OTHER POOR BASTARDS IN BOSTON SLAUGHTER.

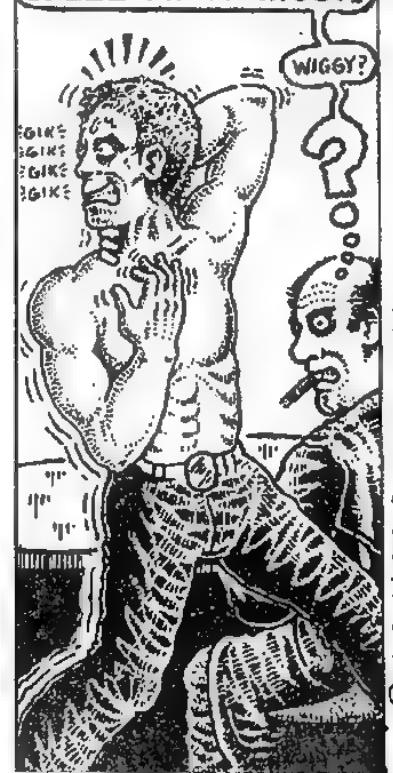
SLURP.. JEEZ, THAT SURE HIT THE SPOT... OH YEAH! I WUZ JUST GONNA TELL YA ABOUT THE MESSAGE...

..SO ANYWAY, THE MESSAGE, WHEN I READ IT OUT, SAID...

GHEORRP!!



WIGGY? I SAID "WILLYA SPEL THAT? WIGGY?"



©1979 BY CORT 'FOGAT THE LAW' VILE



EGINE
EGINE
EGINE
EGINE
EGINE

TO BE CONTINUED...



ROSCOE MOSCOON

WIGGY!! WILL YOU QUIT HORNING AROUND AND GIMME A STRAIGHT ANSWER, YOU ZANY???

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

...I SNAPPED...



"POISONED BY THE SINISTER GLOVES!"

PUKE-HOGS OF PERFIETY!! THAT OVERWEIGHT OAF IS STILL ALIVE!! HE LEAVES ME NO CHOICE BUT TO DISPATCH MY "SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS!!"

PRIVET DICK

I WAS GETTIN' NOWHERE FAST, AN' IT WUZ NO SLEIGH-RIDE!! LITTLE DID I KNOW THAT WIGGY HAD BEEN POISONED.

EPISODE
SEVENTEEN:

MEANWHILE, I WUZ STILL TRYIN' TO GET SOME SENSE OUTTA WIGGY, BUT ALL HE KEPT SAYIN' WUZ "GIK GIK GIK" AN' SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE "KLUNKKLANK!" IT WUZ ALL RELATIVITY TO ME!! SUDDENLY...



...AHH...LISSEN, SISTER," I GAWPED. "JUST WHO IN HELL ARE YOU?"

I AM MECHANO, "WIGGY PULP'S ONLY TRUE FAN." (REG. TRADEMARK) BUT NOW HE IS DYING, AND I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR... UNLESS...

UNLESS...



UNLESS I CAN GET A BOOT-LEG TAPE OF HIS DYING BREATH!

C'MON, BWAH!! LET'S HEAR THAT OL' DYING BREATH...

"DAMES!" I GASPED. "JUST WHEN YA THINK YA GOTTEM FIGGERED OUT..."



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

PHEE-HAW!! SAY! THIS ANNUAL EUROPEAN CYCLE TOUR IS THE BEST IDEA US "FREEWAY FUCK-DOGS" HAD YET!! WHATSAY, LEROY?



NOT FAR AWAY...

THE VERDAMMT CRYPTO-FASCIST POLITZEI ARE GAINING ON US, KARL!! CAN'T YOU MAKE THE CAR GO ANY FASTER???



AND AS BELOW, SO ABOVE....

OKAY, YOU SUDDEN DEATH ARIEL COMMANDOS... THERE'S THE OBJECTIVE BELOW!! NOW, REMEMBER OUR ORDERS: "STRAIGHT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW AND ATOMISE ANYTHING THAT BREATHES!!"



WHILE INSIDE THE HAPLESS HOSTELRY....

Y'KNOW, MYCROFT, 'OL BUDDY... SOMETIMES, WHEN THINGS GET BEYOND A JOKE, I UNNERSTAND HOW SOME GUYS JUST LOSE THEIR GRIP AND RETREAT INTA A FANTASY WORLD... KNOW WHADDI MEAN???



NOT WITH TEN KILOS OF WARM GELIGNITE AND TWO DEAD INDUSTRIALISTS IN THE BOOT I CAN'T!! WE MUST STOP AT THAT BEIRKELL ER UP AHEAD AND SHOOT IT OUT IN A GLORIOUS FINAL STAND!! LONG LIVE THE PINK MILITARY FACTION!!

PINK MILITARY FACTION GUERRILLAS

CRYPTO-FASCIST POLIZIEI

CONTINUED...

©'79 MCURT

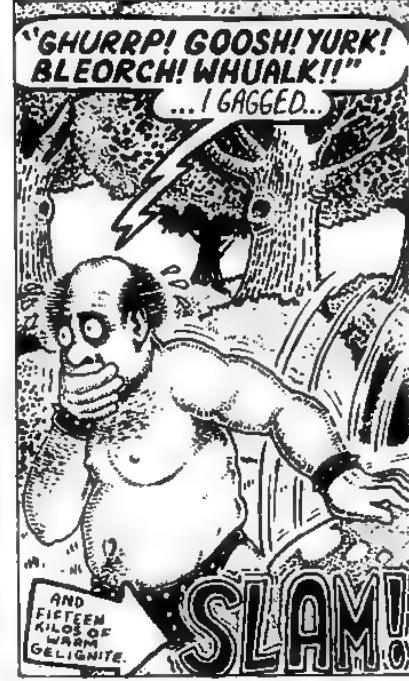
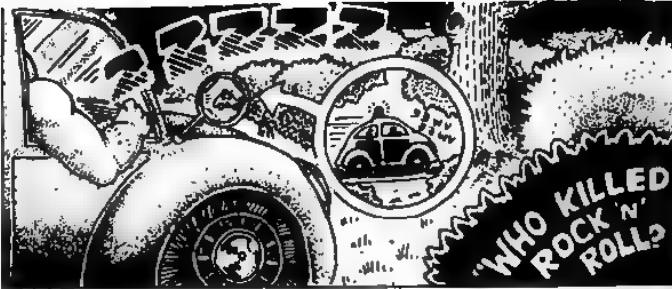
WHO KILLED ROCK N' ROLL? EPISODE EIGHTEEN: "FRY THE KRAUTS ON PASSION BRIDGE!!!" GRATUITOUS SPILLED INNARDS FOR THE YOUNG SOPHISTICATE....

The logo consists of two parts. The top part is a block of text in a bold, sans-serif font that reads "APPROVED BY THE THREE LEGGED TOAD". The bottom part is a stylized, blocky illustration of a toad's head, facing right. Below the toad head, the word "CABAL" is written in a bold, sans-serif font.

©1979 by Curt Vile

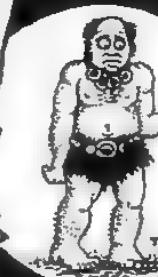
IN WHICH
ROScoe MOSCOW
ENJOYS A POINTLESS
ALTERCATION WITH
VARIOUS POLICEMEN,
TERRORISTS, ARIEL COMM-
ANDOS, AND THE ENTIRE
"FREEWAY FUCKDOGS"
MOTORCYCLE
CLUB...





CURT VILE
PRESENTS:

ROSCOE THE BARBARIAN



"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

FIN: EPISODE
TWENTYONE

"A DORK IN THE
BLACK FOREST!"

A FOREST, SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY...

GAW-DAMMIT, "SPARK-PLUG", OL' BOY!! CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER?? WE BIN TRYIN' TO GET OUTTA THIS HERE FOREST FOR HOURS!!

"IN FACT I'M STARTIN' TO GET THA IMPRESSION I'D BE BETTER OFF WALKING!!" ... I GROWLED....

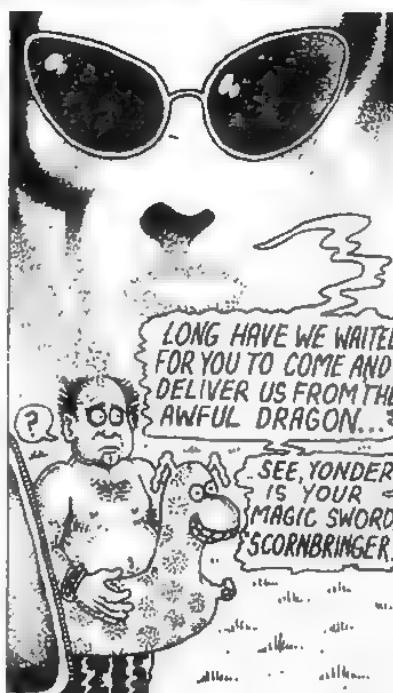
WHAT THE HELL??

SUDDENLY I SEEM TO BE HAVIN' A BEAUTIFC VISION!! OR A POPULAR MIS-CONCEPTION OR SUMTHIN'!!

HOLY NED!!

ROSCOE MOSCOW!! THIS IS AUNT LENE, THE GOOD WITCH SPEAKING!! WELCOME, O CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY!!

JEEZ...



LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR YOU TO COME AND DELIVER US FROM THE AWFUL DRAGON...

SEE, YONDER IS YOUR MAGIC SWORD, ESCORNBRINGER...

TAKE IT, AND SEEK YE THE DAMSEL THAT IS ENCHAINED SOME HALF A LEAGUE HENCE...

UHH.. I THINK THIS IS A CASE O' MISSHAPEN IDENTITY!!

UH-HUH! NO MISTAKE, BUDDY!! NOW ARE YOU GONNA HAUL MY ASS OUTTA THIS STONE, OR AINCHA??

AHH, WHUT THA HECK!! I AIN'T GOT NUTTIN' TO LOSE.. UH, SAY.. DID I HEAR THAT BROAD WID DA PIGTails MENTION A DRAGON??



NAH!! SHE'S A YUGOSLAV.. IT'S KINDA DIFFICULT T'MAKE OUT WHAT SHES SAYIN'. SHE PROBABLY MEANT "DRAG QUEEN" OR SOMETHIN.. SAY!! LOOK AHEAD, TIED TO THAT TREE...

OH YEAH! THE FRAIL, I GOT'S TA RESCUE! O.K. LADY, YER WORRIES ARE OVER!! I'VE COME TO...



JUST MY CRUMMILY LUCK! I GUESS THE BUDGET DIDN'T STRETCH TO GETTIN' A REAL MAN TO RESCUE ME! HELL, ROSCOE, WHATTAYA WEARIN'?? YA LOOK LIKE A NEWYAWK FAGGOT!!

UH, LISSEN, I CAN EXPLAIN THESE AIN'T MY CLOTHES.. I GOTTEM FROM THIS GIRL, SEE, AN'...



HA! MY HUSBAND, THE TRANS-VESTITE!! I MIGHTA KNOWN!!! AN' I GUESS YER HOPIN' THAT YA GONNA MAKE THE DRAGON BUST A GUT LAUGHIN' ATCHA, RIGHT??

DRAGON? NOW LISSEN HERE, MAXINE. YOU AIN'T GOT NO CAUSE TA INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE...

SAY. (SNIFF) DID SOMEBODY LEAVE A CIGAR BURNING, OR WHAT?

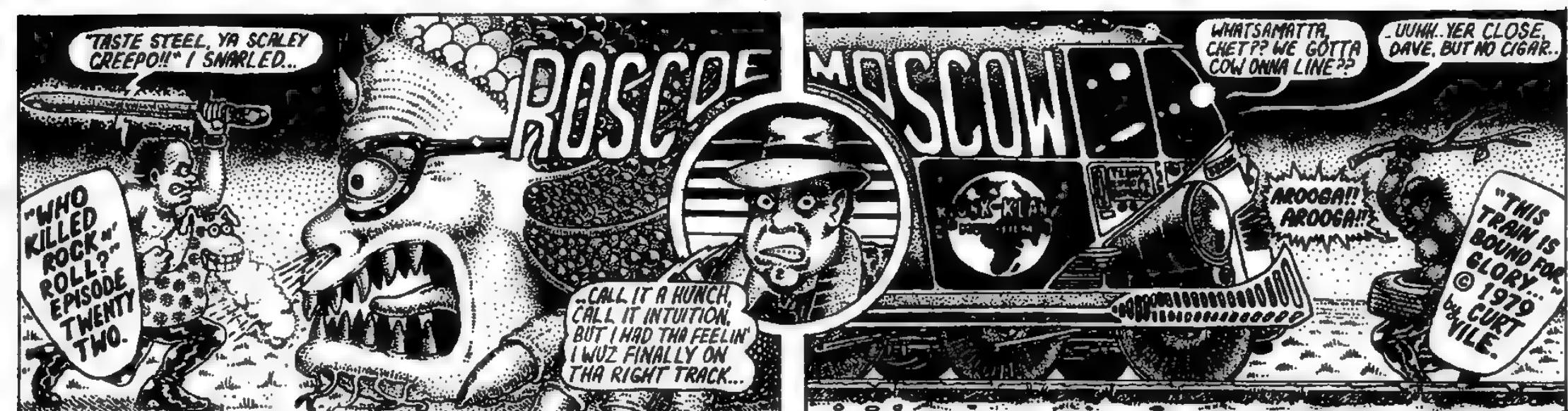


UH, WATCHA LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT FER? I TOLDJA BOUT THE OUTFIT... UH, BOSS.. I HATE TA INTERRUPT.

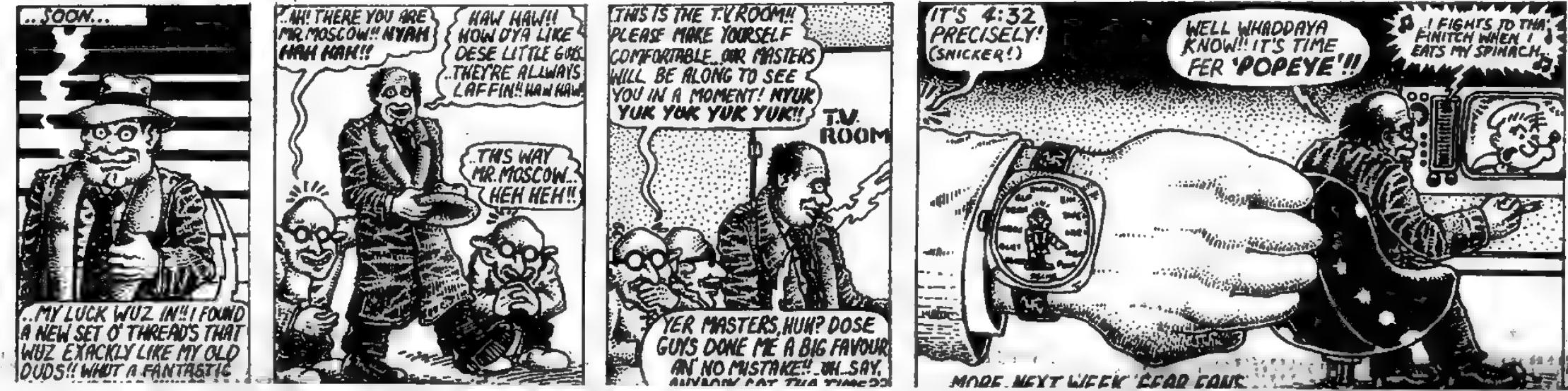
..BUT I REALLY THINK YA SHOULD TAKE A LOOK BEHIND YA!!.. AFTER ALL...



YA MAY NEVER SEE ANOTHER ONE...



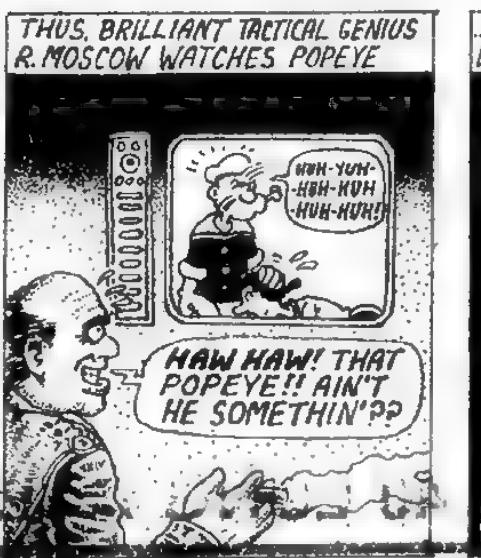
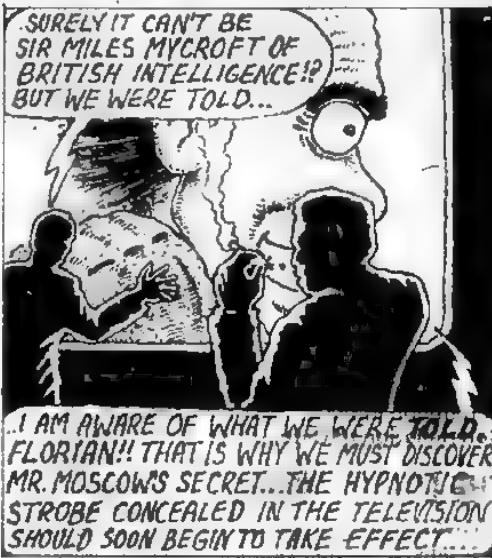
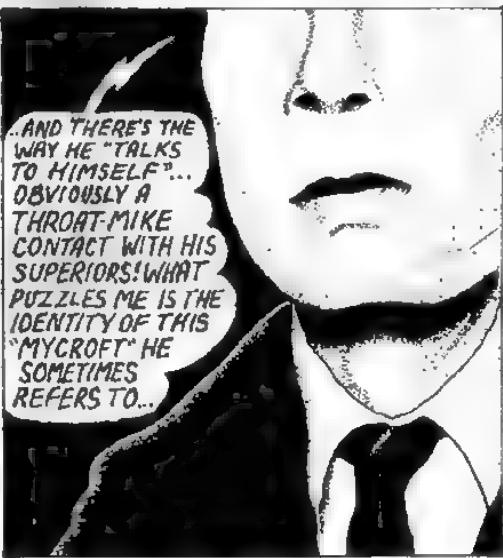
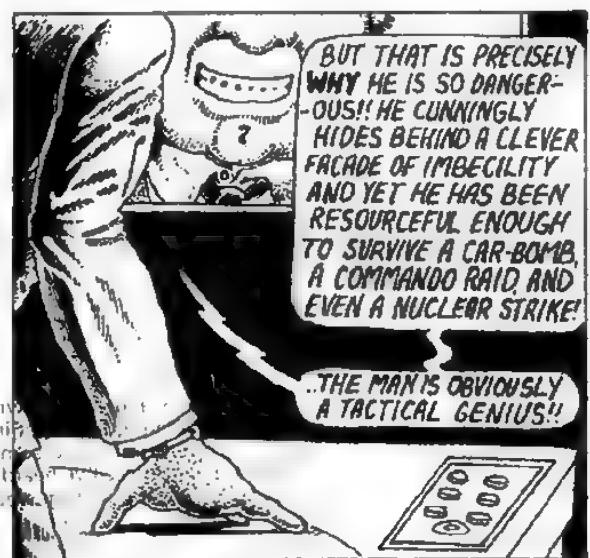
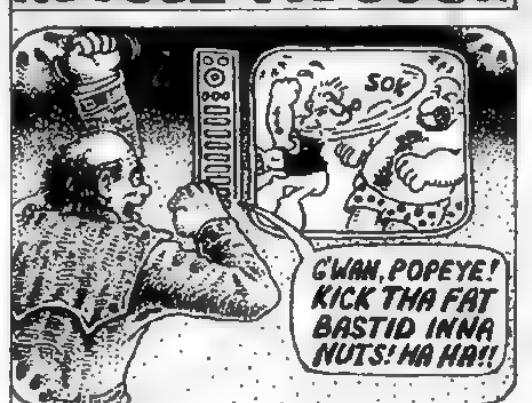
-IF BACONBIS 1919 THINK THAT SIMPLE BY OFFERING ME MONEY, COCAINE AND SMALL BOYS THEY CAN GET ME TO PLUG THEIR NEW 'SMALL WONDER' RELEASE, "BELA LUGOSI IS DEAD", LET THEM TAKE NEED: CURT VILE CANNOT BE BOUGHT!!-





ROSCOE MOSCOM

"LIFE... IT'S GOT MORE UPS AND DOWNS THAN A PICADILLY PILL-FREAK!! ONE MINNIT I'M UP TO MY ASS IN BLOOD AN' BULLETS, THE NEXT I'M RELAXIN' ABOARD A LUXURY TRAIN, GUEST OF A BUNCH O' MYSTERY BENEFACTORS..."



ROScoe MOSCOW

DISMEMBRANDING
MACHINE

GUG... GUG... GUG...
GUG... GUG... GUG...

"A QUIET LIFE IT WASNT!! I'D BIN WATCHIN' 'POP-EYE' WHEN SUDDENLY THE SCREEN STARTED FLICKERIN' LIKE CRAZY! WHEN MY HEAD CLEARED, I WAS STRAPPED IN THIS SCREWY GIZMO THAT SEEMED TO BE PRISIN' OUT MY INNERMOST SECRETS AN' DISPLAYIN' 'EM TO..."

ON THE SET

RAFIA WERK!!
WATCH THE SCREEN CLOSELY, MY FRIENDS!!
IF THE SIVANA BROS.
HAVE DONE THEIR WORK
CORRECTLY, IT SHOULD
SOON COME ALIVE
WITH MR. MOSCOW'S
EARLIEST BOYHOOD
MEMORIES...

"NEXT TIME, I'D STICK WITH HECKLE + JECKLE."

JUNIOR
HAD SCIENTIST
OF THE YEAR
1953.

HEH
HEH HEH
HEH!!!

"I COULDNTA HEARD THA DOOR OPENIN'
BEHIND ME, CUZ NEXT THING I KNEW..."

"ROScoe!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY
UNDERWEAR? TAKE IT OFF!! DO YOU
WANT TO KILL YOUR MOTHER? DO YOU WANT
TO GROW UP LIKE YOUR UNCLE BRUCE?"

BUH-BUH-BUH-
BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-
BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-

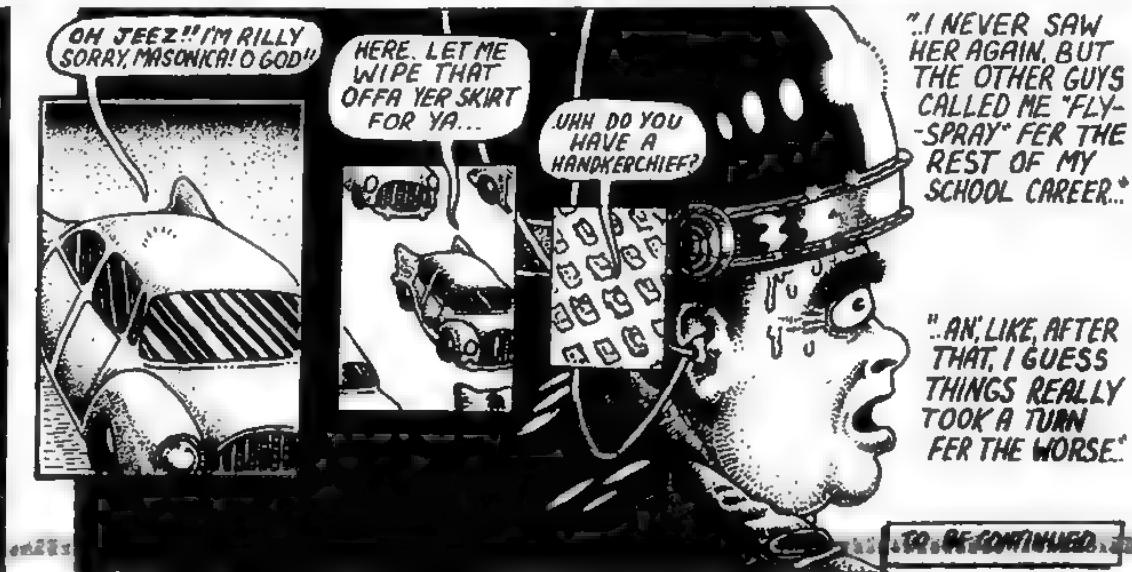
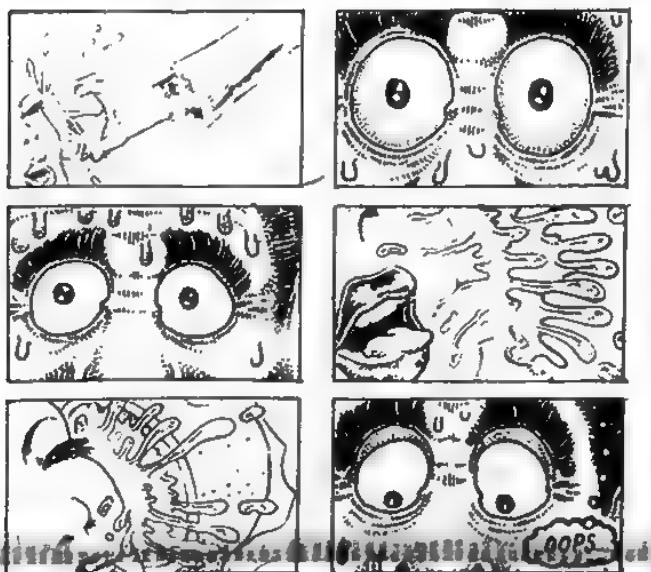
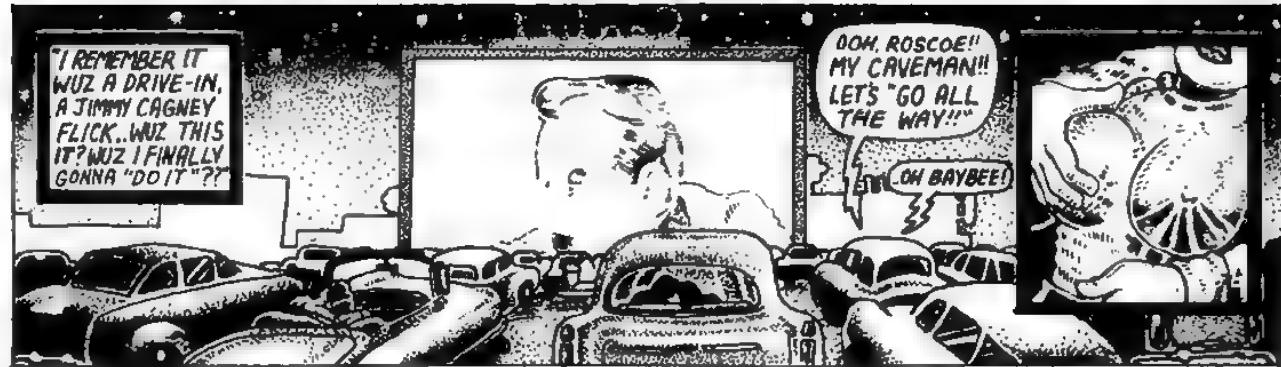
"SOMETHIN' FUNNY WUZ HAPPENIN' WITH A
FEELIN' O' NOSTALGIA MIXED WITH NAUSEA I
SUDDENLY HAD A CRYSTAL CLEAR VISION OF
MY FATHER AND MY CHOKE MOTHER..."

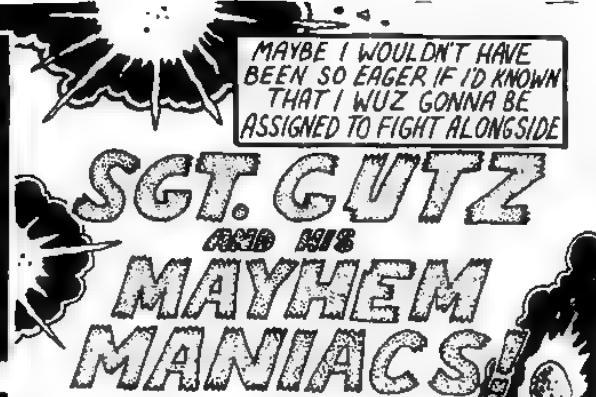
Roscoe - the
folks - Coney Island

"THE SCENE CHANGED... I WUZ IN MY
PARENTS BEDROOM PLAYIN' AROUND WITH
SOME O' MOM'S CLOTHES... I GUESS I
MUSTA BIN MAYBE FOUR AT THA TIME..."

HA HA HA HA!! NOW I'M
MICKEY MOUSE! HAHAHA







ROLL CREDITS:
ROSCOE MOSCOW,
GENTLEMAN SLEUTH,
WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?
EPISODE TWENTYSIX:
HAM FISTED TALES!
©1979 by CURT VILE.

...I GOT CALLED UP JUST AFTER PEARL HARBOUR. I WUZ JUST 19, AN EAGER TO FIGHT FER UNCLE SAM.



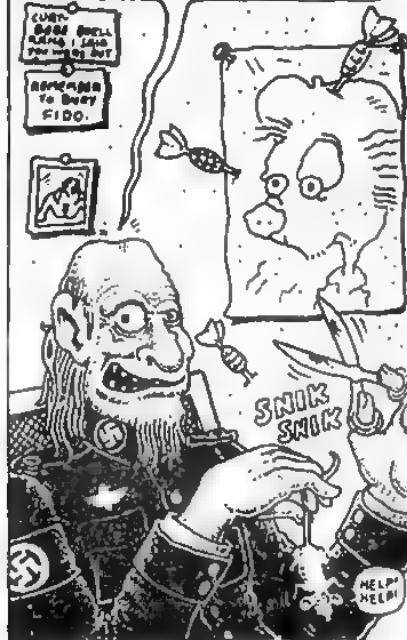
I'D KINDA FIGGERED THAT THE GUYS WUZNT OVER-IMRESSED WITH ME, BUT IT WUZNT UNTIL SOME TIME LATER, WHEN WE WUZ IN TARAWA...



TO BE CONTINUED...



HI THERE, HEPCATS AND KITTENS! CURT 'MR. PERSONALITY' VILE HERE. MY SOURCES INFORM ME THAT SOME OF YOU POOR BRAIN-DAMAGED BASTARDS HAVE TROUBLE IN UNDERSTANDING THIS STRIP....



BUT THEN WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM A READERSHIP WHOSE MINDS ARE TOO ADDLED BY OURALUDE ABUSE AND CONSTANT MAGGOT-GALLOPING TO FOLLOW ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN 'OLD LOB AND HIS FARMHAND PALS'?



BUT FEAR NOT, MY SQUIRMIES... FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE MOST LIKELY HOLDING THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN ANYWAY, GOOD OL' UNCLE CURT PRESENTS "WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?" EPISODE 27: "WHO'S WHO IN ROSCOE MOSCOW?"



FIRST AND FOREMOST, OUR HARD-BITTEN HERO, ROSCOE B. MOSCOW... THIS TOUGH PRIVATE EYE STALKS ROCK-N-ROLL'S KILLER RELENTLESSLY, DESPITE THE SERIOUS HANDICAP OF BEING FAT, STUPID, MENTALLY ILL AND TROUBLED BY HAEMORRHOIDS.



SECONDLY, HIS GLAMOUROUS WIFE MAXINE. SHE CAN'T REMEMBER THE WEDDING (IT WAS IN TIJUANA AND SHE WAS DRUNK) BUT SHE SOON DISCOVERED THAT ROSCOE WAS AS GOOD IN BED AS HE WAS AT EVERYTHING ELSE. AN ASPIRING DIVORCEE.



NEXT, MR. MOSCOW'S PSYCHIATRIST, DR. ZOLTAN VON ZYGOTE, A CURIOUSLY MALFORMED DWARF WHO IS CURRENTLY PLAYING 'HIDE THE SALAMI' WITH MR. MOSCOW'S WIFE. A RUM LITTLE BLIGHTER.



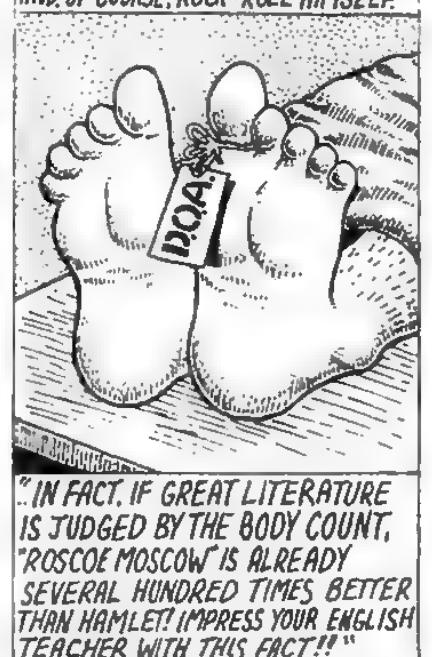
THEN THERE'S THE ENIGMATIC "SINISTER GLOVES" AND HIS ARMADILLO AIDE DE-CAMP, AMBROSE. NO ONE IS QUITE CERTAIN WHAT THIS GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE UP TO. BUT IT WOULD UPSET YOU IF YOU FOUND YOUR MOTHER DOING IT...



LET US NOT FORGET MYCROFT THE IMAGINARY CROW, OUR HERO'S PET D.T. HALLUCINATION. IN HIS SPARE TIME, THIS LIKEABLE NIGHT-MARE GETS BIG YOKS BY DRIVING ACIDHEADS AND DEXEDRINE-CRAZED HOUSEWIVES TO SUICIDE...



AND FINALLY, THE STIFFS!! IN SIX SHORT MONTHS OF LIFE, THIS FEISTY LITTLE STRIP HAS MANAGED TO GREASE HUNDREDS OF MINOR CHARACTERS INCLUDING BIKERS, COPS, ALIENS, THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF BERLIN AND, OF COURSE, ROCK-N-ROLL HIMSELF.



WELL, NEXT ISSUE, WE'LL BE BACK TO (HEH HEH!) "NORMAL," AND HOPEFULLY, THIS LITTLE EXCURSION WILL HAVE SILENCED MY CRITICS...



IN FACT, IF GREAT LITERATURE IS JUDGED BY THE BODY COUNT, "ROSCOE MOSCOW" IS ALREADY SEVERAL HUNDRED TIMES BETTER THAN HAMLET! IMPRESS YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER WITH THIS FACT!!

"FIRST- THE GOOD NEWS. AFTER MONTHS OF SEARCHIN' I'D FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE KILLERS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, A BUNCHA MAD HUNS WHO WENT BY THE MONICKER OF RAFIAWERK!!!"

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROL EPISODE TWENTY-EIGHT

"OF COURSE THIS WAS MARRED JUST A LITTLE BY ONE MINOR DETAIL:

"I'M AFRAID, HERR MOSCOW. THAT WE MUST DECREASE YOUR HAT SIZE A LITTLE BY BLOWING YOUR BRAINS OUT!!"



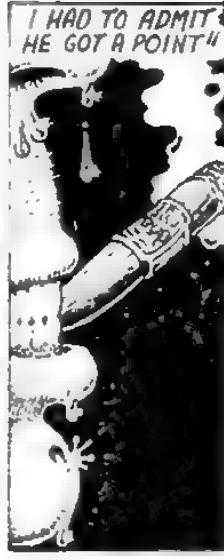
"YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!" I CROAKED.



PANEL 8-LONG SHOT

91

"OH DON'T BE SUCH A GREAT STUPID TIT! OF COURSE WE'LL GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE. NO ONE KNOWS YOUR WHEREABOUTS. WE GERMANS MAY HAVE LOST THE WORLD CUP BUT WE'RE NOT TOTALLY INCOMPETENT!"



"NO, HERR MOSCOW!" YOU MAY HAVE BEEN STRONG ENOUGH TO FOOL OUR MIND-PROBE BUT ALL YOUR MUCH-VAUNTED CUNNING CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW!"



"THAT'S A NICE LINE!
THANKS! YOU REALLY
THINK SO?"

"YES- 'MUCH VAUNTED
CUNNING.. REALLY SMART'
YOU DON'T THINK IT'S
A LITTLE TOO PLAYFUL?
NO. NO. IT'S TREMENDOUS!"

"I COULDA LISTEN-
ED FER HOURS, BUT
JUST THEN I FELT
THE TRAIN LURCH
TO DEAD HALT..."

"ACH DU LEIBER UND STOLLER!" WE MUST HAVE REACHED A STATION! I APOLOGISE, HERR MOSCOW. FOR THE DELAY WE WILL SHOOT YOU DIRECTLY THE TRAIN IS ONCE MORE IN TRANSIT.

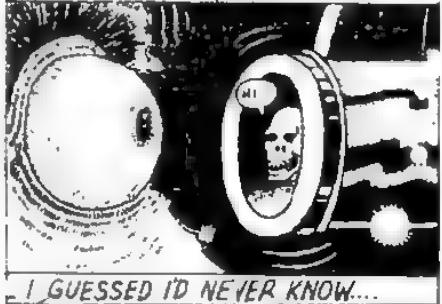


"AHH ANYBODY FER A GAME
O' FIFTY-TWO CARD PICK-UP??"
I QUIPPED



"NO TAKERS!!
IN DESPAIR I
WATCHED HIS
FINGER TIGHTEN
ON THE TRIGGER"

"IT'S FUNNY, THE WACKY THINGS THAT YA THINK OF WHEN YER LOOKIN' DEATH IN THE FACE!! I WUZ WONDERIN' WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MECHANO, THE KRAUT CUTIE WHO'D LEFT ME IN THE LURCH ALSO WONDERED WHO'D ORDERED THE 500 TRENCHCOATS FROM MAX SCHWARZ THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS LTD."



"SUDDENLY, A DOOR SPRANG OPEN

"EXCUSING ME BUT IS THIS THE LADIES POWDER ROO.. HERR MOSCOW!!! WHAT AN UNGLAUBLIC COINCIDENCE!!"



"JAH!! IT IS ME BEINK!
UND JUST WAIT
TILL YOU SEE WHO
I AM HAVING WITH
ME, BY CRIKEY!!



"ACH!! NEIN!!
BY GOERING'S
DEMEROL HABIT!!
IT CANNOT BE!!



"BUT IT IS!!!



MEET THE "ROSCOE
MOSCOW ONLY TRUE
FAN CLUB." (REG TRADEMARK)



ROSS COE MOSCOW

RELEVANT DATA-

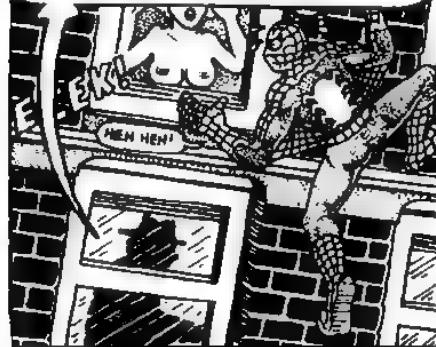
AT A STATE BANQUET, A PRESIDENTIAL AIDE SPILLED A GLASS OF WATER OVER THEN-PRESIDENT GERALD FORD. THE AIDE APOLOGISED PROFUSELY, BUT THE GENT FROM GRAND RAPIDS JUST SMILED AND SAID:



UHH. NOBODY'S HUMAN.

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N ROLL?" 30: WASHING THE DETECTIVE!!

MECHANO AN' HER BUDDIES HAD SPLIT THE SCENE, LEAVIN' ME TO RETURN TO THE HAMBURG FLOPHOUSE I'D VACATED WEEKS AGO! I WUZ RUNNIN' A BATH. ROCK 'N ROLL WUZ DEAD, THE BUNCHA HOMICIDAL WIND-UPS KNOWN AS RAFIAWERK WERE DEAD, BUT I'D BE DAMNED IF PERSONAL HYGINE WUZ DEAD!! NO SIR!!



..THEN, O'COURSE, THERE WUZ THE MINOR MYSTERY O' THE GEEK WITH THE MICKEY MOUSE GLOVES WHO TURNED UP IN THE LAST PANEL OF EVERY THIRD EPISODE AND WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I WUZ TOTALLY UNAWARE OF.



I WAS THICK WITH THE GRIME OF INTRIGUE AN' MORTALITY... ALSO STALE 'HAI-KARATE'... THANKFULLY I SANK INTO THE TUB AN' LET THE CHEAP PINE BATH SALTS SOOTHE MY SINS...



BUT IT WUZ NO GOOD. SOMETHIN' JUST DIDN'T ADD UP! I SHOULD A BIN FEELIN' LIKE A MILLION BUCKS. INSTEAD, I FELT LIKE I JUST GOT CONTROLLIN' SHARES IN THE EDSSEL!! WHAT GAVE? I'D CAUGHT UP WITH ROCKY'S KILLERS AN' BLOWN THE JUNK THEY HAD INSTEAD O' BRAINS ALL OVER THEIR LAPELS!! JUSTICE HAD BIN' DONE, HADN'T IT??



THE WHOLE PROBLEM WAS, THIS BUSINESS HAD MORE LOOSE ENDS THAN A BAD DETECTIVE STORY.. WHO WERE THE SIVANA BROTHERS, AND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO 'EM SINCE I ICED THEIR BOSSSES, F'R'EXAMPLE ??!!



SECONDLY, SOME BARGAIN-BASEMENT EINSTEIN HAD BUILT AND PROGRAMMED THE ERECTOR-SET PSYCHOS WHO HAD OFFED ROCKY!! BUT WHO... AN' WHY??



OBVIOUSLY, THERE WUZ PLENTY O' FOLDIN' GREEN TIED UP IN THIS SOMEWHERE! YA DON'T GET THE CASH TO RAISE ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO TOTAL BERLIN BY JUST WORKIN' NIGHTS IN THA LAUNDERETTE....

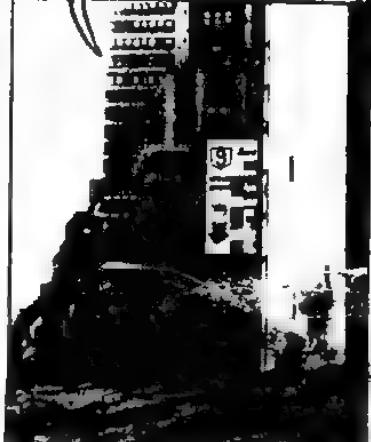


..BUT WHERE'S A GUY SUPPOSED TO START LOOKIN'? IT STRUCK ME I KNEW LESS NOW THAN WHEN I STARTED THIS CAPER!!

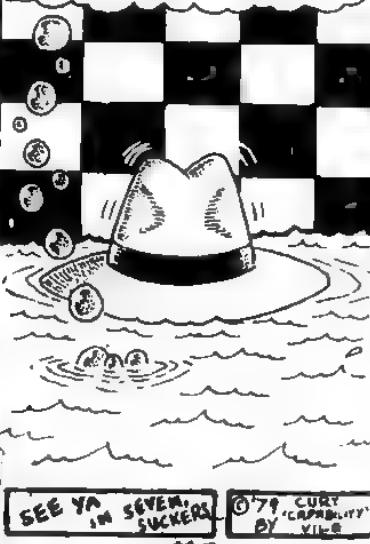
HMM.. MAYBE I SHOULD A ASKED RAFIAWERK WHO SIGNED THEIR PAYCHECKS **BEFORE** I SHOT THA BASTIDS...



I DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO THE STATES ON THE FIRST FLIGHT NEXT DAY-I KNEW SOME GUYS WHO COULD MAYBE HELP ME OUTTA MY PREDICAMENT!! BUT STILL... I COULDN'T SHAKE THIS FEELIN' IN MY GUT...



..COULD IT BE THAT I WUZ GETTIN' INVOLVED IN A SITCHENATION WHERE I WUZ WAY OUTTA MY DEPTH??



SEE YA
IN SEVEN
SUCKERS

©79 CURT CAPABILITY
VIB

ROScoe MOSCOW

RELEVANT QUOTE

"THINGS ARE MORE LIKE THEY ARE NOW THAN THEY EVER WERE BEFORE."
-DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

(COURTESY OF "WHOLE GROOVES" BY STEPHEN FORT & SCHNEIDER.)



WHO KILLED ROCK & ROLL?

31: "OUR SENIOR SUPERMEN..."

DATELINE: NEW YORK!! THEY SAY THERE'S A BROKEN LIGHT FOR EVERY HEART ON BROADWAY, BUT IT WUZ GOOD TA BE BACK!! I'D FLOWN IN FROM GERMANY, LOOKIN' FOR HELP IN TRACKIN' DOWN ROCKY'S KILLER, AN' I HAD A SHREWED IDEA WHERE I COULD FIND IT...



...THE NAME OF THE BAR WUZ "CAPTAIN BILLY'S". I WENT IN...

...DIDJA EVER WONDER WHERE CAPTAIN AMERICA GOES WHEN HE WANTS TO UNWIND FROM BEATIN' UP COMMIES AND CIVIL RIGHTS DEMONSTRATORS?? WELL LEMME CLUE YA IN, BUB...



...HE GOES TO CAPTAIN BILLY'S!! AN' THE GUY I WUZ LOOKIN' FOR WUZ HOLDIN' UP THE BAR THERE LIKE HE WUZ WELDED TO IT....



"HIS NAME WUZ ROCKET REDGLARE, THE GREATEST PATRIOTIC SUPER-DUPER EVER TO THROW IN HIS HAND WITH UNCLE SAMMY!! I'D BIN A FAN O' HIS SINCE I WUZ A LITTLE KID....



"UHH, EXCUSE ME, SIR." I MUMBLED, "BUT..."
GREAT CAESARS GHOST!! WILLYA LOOK WHO IT IS!! HEY, FELLA'S! IT'S ROSCOE MOSCOW!! HA HA HA!! "REACH, I GROWLED!" RIGHT, ROS? HA HA!!

BOY HOWDAY!! ALLA THESE GOOD OL' BOYS IS BIG FANS O' YOUSE, RIGHT, GUYS? NEVER MISS AN EPISODE!! HA HA! "HOLD IT, I SNARLED, HA HA HA! GREAT! I LOVE IT!! BUT WHAT ARE YA DOIN' HERE, BUDDY?? I MEAN, WHAT'S SHAKIN'?



"AN SO I TOLD HIM HOW I FIGGERED HE COULD HELP ME FIND THE KILLER OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, BUT HE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD AN' SIGHED..."

ROScoe, YER ABOUT TWENNY YEARS TOO LATE! WE AINT BARELY IN SHAPE TO CASH OUR WELFARE CHECKS ANYMORE!! DAMMIT, ROScoe, WE'RE OLD MEN!!

YEAH, BUT...

BUT NOTHIN' BUDDY!! WE'RE ALL WASHED UP!! JUST LOOK AT THE SHAPE O' THESE SAD-ASSED SONS OF BITCHES.. THE HUMAN SAFETYMATCH, JUST A BURNED-OUT HAS-BIN PLASTICENE MAN TURNED HIMSELF INTO A STANDARD LAMP THREE YEARS AGO AN CAN'T CHANGE BACK! THEN THERE'S WOMBAT MAN, THE POOR MOTH-EATEN BASTURD. THE SILVER SUFFERER, THE GREEN LATRINE, THE FLYIN' FUCK WERE A JOKE, ROSCOE! A BAD JOKE!!!



NAH, PAL, WE AINT FIT TA DO NOTHIN BUT WISH YA LUCK... AN' BELIEVE ME, YER GONNA NEED IT...

"UHH, WHADDAYA MEAN?" I QUERIED.



PANEL 8:

OH, I WUZ FORGETTIN'. YOU BIN OUT OF THE COUNTRY!! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BIN GOIN' DOWN SINCE ROCKY BOUGHT IT. HERE, LET DOCTOR MARGINALLY ABNORMAL RUSTLE UP A VISION TO PUT YA IN THE PICTURE! KINYA DO IT, DOC??



THERE, ROSCOE... YA SEE?? YA SEE WHUT'S HAPPENED TO THE WORLD SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK AND ROLL??



I GAZED INTO THE MAGICALLY CREATED IMAGE WITH HORROR, A SICK FEELIN' BUBBLED IN MY GUT. "OH JEEZUS!" I GASPED.

DR. MARGINALLY ABNORMAL APPEARS COURTESY OF THE FOREMEN STUDIOS

BE CONTINUED. ©1974 by CURT "AT LAST A CULT HERO FOR THE '80's" VILE.

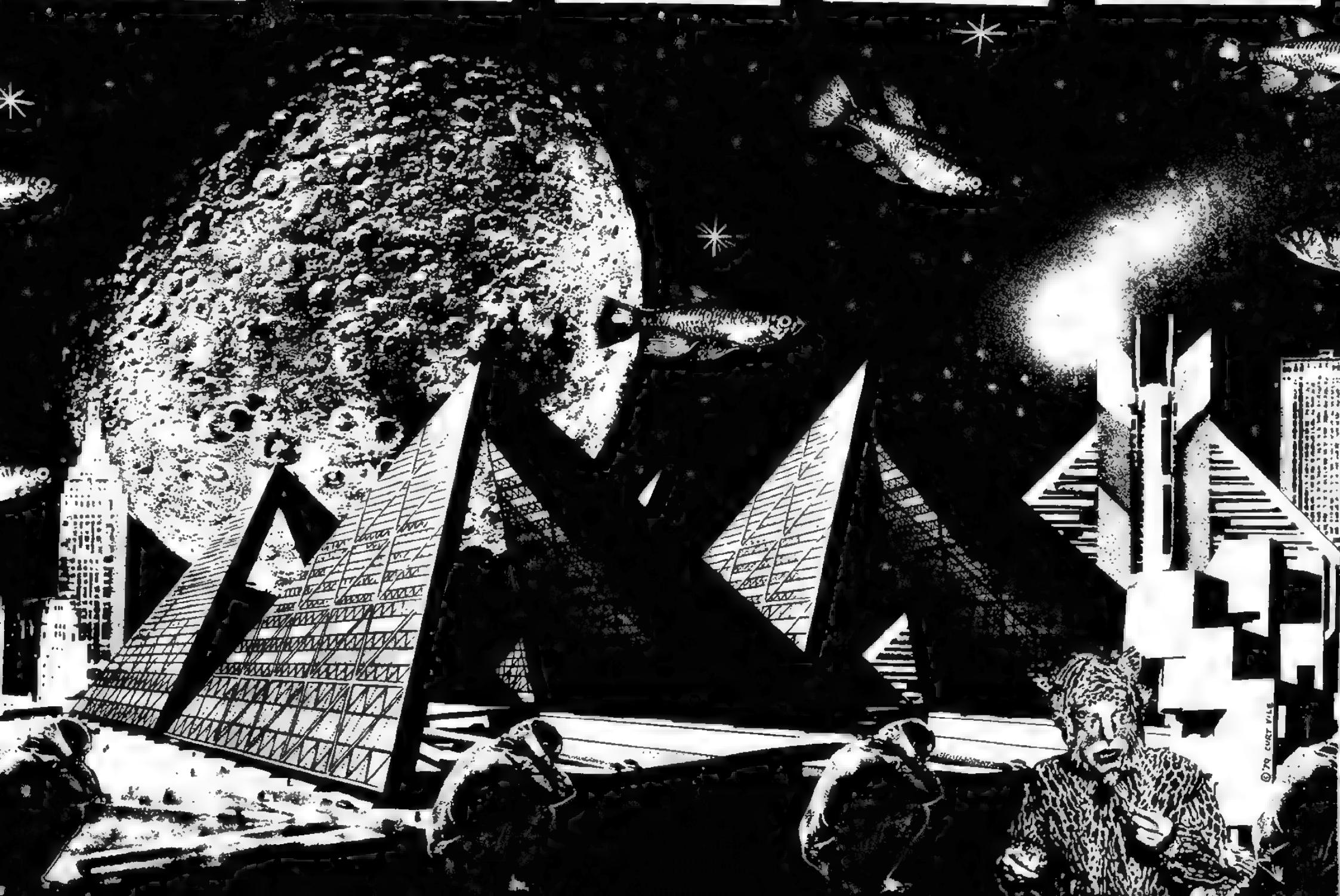
ROSCOE MOSCOW:
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N'
ROLL? PART 32: THE
END OF CIVILIZATION
AS WE KNOW IT!!!

ROCK-ROLL WUZ DEAD,
AN' FROM WHERE I WUZ
STANDIN' IT LOOKED AS
IF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
WUZ COUGHIN' BLOOD!!

TRILOBITES TEEM
FROM OPEN SEWERS.
EVERWHERE IS THE
THICK PERFUME OF
ROTTING APPLES...

"HAD THE JEHOVAH'S
WITNESSES BIN RIGHT?
WUZ THIS THE END?
OR WHAT?? IT SURE
AS HELL BEAT ME...."

SUNSTROKE IN THE
DARK! FIREWORKS! A
DISTANT SOUND OF
MILLIONS WHISPERING
ROCK-ROLL WAS DEAD...



Rock 'n' Roll Zoo



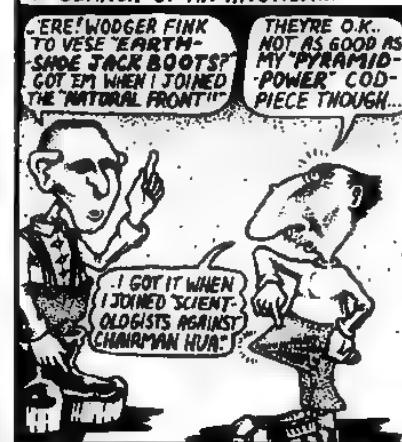
THAT MADCAP MERCHANT OF MERRIMENT
MR. ROSCOE MOSCOW
IN:
WHO KILLED ROCK AND ROLL?
BEING A COMICAL NARRATIVE
BY CURTIS VILE.
FIT THE THIRTY-THIRD:
"ROSCOE MAKES YET ANOTHER FAUX-PAS
THE FAT SLOBBERING SHIT-HEAD."



..I WUZ HANGIN OUT WITH A
BUNCHA SUPERANNUED SUPERMEN.
AN' NOW FEARLESS FLAG-WAVER
ROCKET REDGLARE ALONG WITH
ASTHMATIC ASTROLOGER DOCTOR
MARGINALLY ABNORMAL WERE
GIVIN' ME THE LOW-DOWN ON
THA HUMAN CONDITION!!!
"COMFORTABLE" IT WUZNT



"SEE, ROSCOE" ROCKET EXPLAINED. "EVER SINCE THE DEATH OF ROCK 'N' ROLL, PEOPLE AINT HAD NO RELEASE FROM THEIR PENT-UP FEARS AN' INSECURITIES! SOME OF 'EM HAVE JOINED WEIRD POLITICAL FRACTIONS IN SEARCH OF AN ANSWER..."



OTHERS CONCOCT INSANE CONSPIRACY THEORIES TO EXPLAIN THEIR PROBLEMS. LIVING LIVES OF RELENTLESS TERROR AND STARK PARANOIA.



"AND OF COURSE, THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!! WITH ALL OF THESE CRAZIES ROAMING THE STREETS, HOW LONG BEFORE ONE DECIDES TO VISIT YOU??"



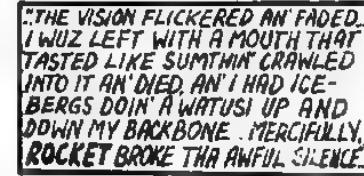
"AND THEN THERE'S THE SEX-PERVERTS!! JUST IMAGINE, YOU, OR ONE OF YOUR LOVED ONES, TRAPPED IN A STALLED ELEVATOR, WITH ONE OF THOSE SICKIES..."



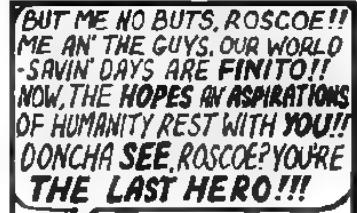
THIS WEEK'S TAP OF THE TRILBY GOES TO THE DE-GO-TEES OF BIRMINGHAM, THE MOST SENSITIVE, SWIRE AND SAGGING YOUNG MUSICIANS I'VE EVER HEARD, REALLY. (P.S. THANKS FOR THE CADILLAC AND THE BLOW-JOB, LADS!) - CURT



"AND IN THE FACE OF SO MUCH PANIC
AND CHAOS, HOW LONG BEFORE THE
LAST FEW SANE ONES CRACK??
HOW LONG BEFORE CIVILIZATION
ITSELF GOES TOTALLY RAVING SHRIEKING
FOAMING AT THE MOUTH DOO-LALLY??



GET THE PICTURE BUDDY?
UNLESS YOU CAN FIND THE
KILLER OF ROCK-`N-ROLL, IT'S
SHIT CITY FOR THE HUMAN
RACE! WE'RE COUNTIN' ON YA!!



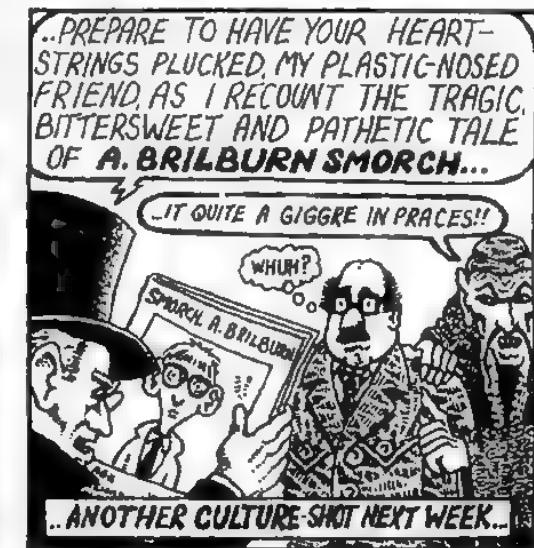
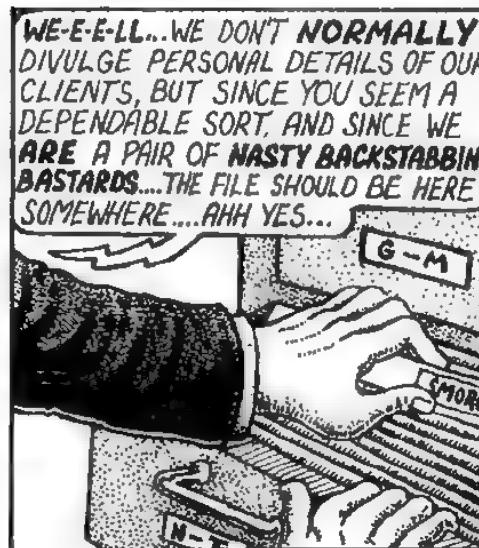
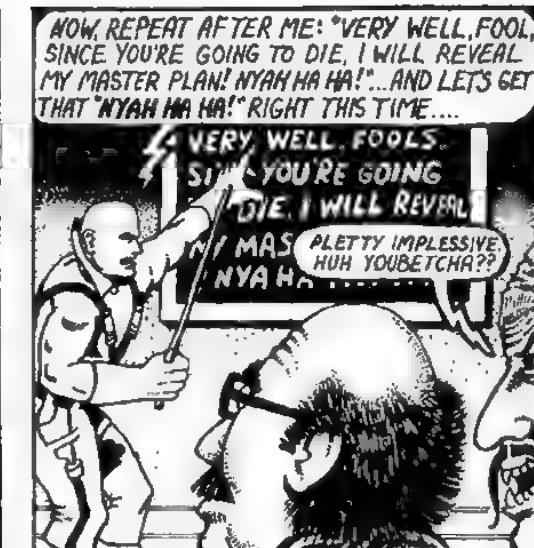
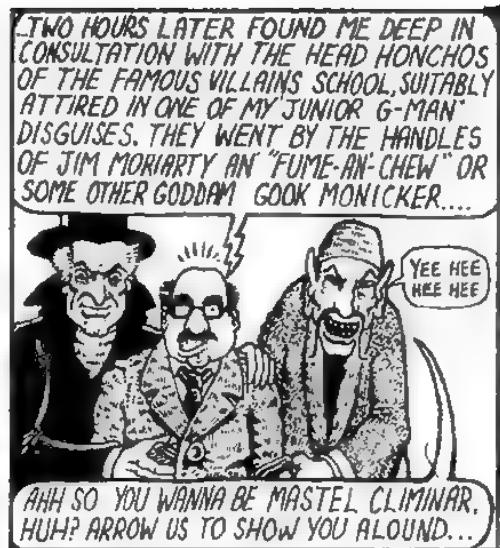
A black and white illustration depicting a group of people in a festive, crowded setting. In the foreground, a man with a mustache and a woman with dark hair are looking towards the right. Behind them, several other individuals are visible, some wearing sunglasses and holding up glasses, suggesting a toast or a celebratory gathering. The style is graphic and dynamic, capturing a moment of collective excitement.

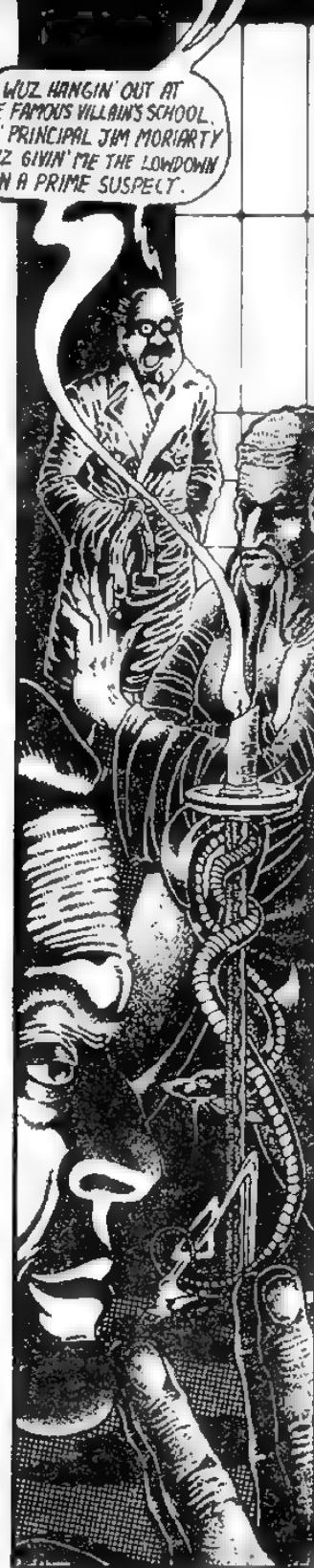


**NO, ROSCOE!! NOT THAT
DOOR!! THAT'S THE...**



TO BE CONTINUED... ©'79 CURT VILE





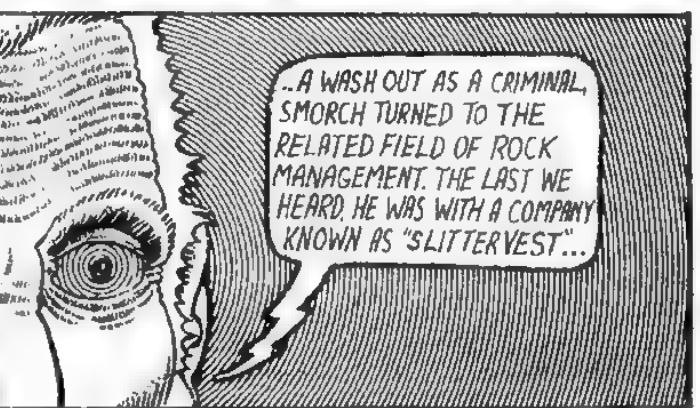
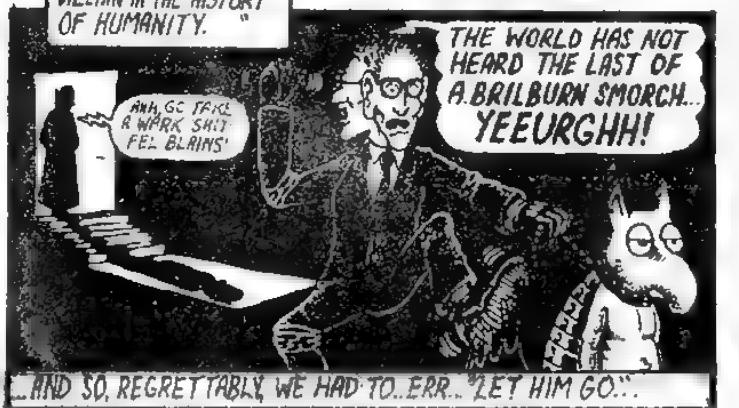
IT WUZ THE INFO I'D BIN WAITIN' FOR... I MADE MY EXCUSES AN' LEFT!! SLITTERVEST, HUH? SMORCH... HMM... IT SEEMED I HAD IT ALL SEWN UP BUT SOMEHOW I FELT THAT IT WUZ ONLY JUST BEGINNING...

THE PROSPECT WUZ LIKE ITALIAN FOOD...

IT MADE ME SICK...

-TO BE
CONTINUED...

© 1979
CURY VILE



ROSСOE MOSCOW

"IT DIDN'T FIGGER...
I HAD A HARD DAY IN
FRONT O' ME. CHECKIN'
OUT 'GLITTERVEST'
LTD. IT WUZ 300 RM.
I SHOULD'R BIN SLEEPIN'
LIKE A FRIGGIN BABY"

BUT NO DICE. EVERYTIME I DOZED OFF, I GOT DREAMS THAT WOULD'VE GIVEN DE QUINCY THE SHITS.

DREAMS FULLA PROBLEMS

PROBLEMS LIST

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?





IT WUZ NO PROBLEM FINDIN' THE OFFICE. WHEN NOBODY ANSWERED MY KNOCK, I TRIED MY SKELETON KEY. THEN I TRIED A STRIP OF MICA. THEN I TRIED A SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGE.

THEN I... AHH... TRIED TURNIN' THE... ER... HANDLE... (BLUSH)



WHAT GAVE? THIS PLACE WUZ NO OFFICE! IT LOOKED MORE LIKE A WAREHOUSE... OR SOME KINDA FRUITCAKE SHRINE...

IT WUZ STACKED TO THE CEILING WITH EVERY IMAGINABLE FORM OF MERCHANDISE... BOOKS, DISCS, POSTERS, T-SHIRTS, ASHTRAYS... EVEN TOWELS...



SUDDENLY, I NOTICED SOMETHING AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM... IT WUZ MARKED "ULTIMATE PRODUCT" AN' IT LOOKED LIKE A FREEZER UNIT. THIS I HAD TA SEE....



...I LIFTED THE HEAVY FREEZER LID AN' TOOK A LOOK INSIDE... PRETTY IT WUZNT! I'D SEEN ENUFF!



ROSCOE MOSCOW EPISODE 38: 'BETTER THAN ONE'.



"I HAD FOUND SOMETHIN' VERY FISHY AT THE OFFICES O' 'SLITTERVEST INC.' IN A LOCKER MARKED 'ULTIMATE PRODUCT...'



"I RECOGNISED THE GUY ON THE LEFT AS POP SVENGALI MALCOLM MAGNESIA, AN' HIS BUDDY AS SHARP HIPPIE WHIZ-KID RICHARD BRANE-STAWN...."



...OKAY, LARDASS!!... I SURE HOPE YOUR RAT-FACED BOSS IS PAYING YOU PLENTY FOR THIS CAPER, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO HORRIBLY SUFFER!!!



HAW HAW HAW... YOU JUST SPLIT AN INFINITIVE, YA DUMMY!! HAW HAW HAW!!!



SO? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? IT'S ONLY LIKE SAYING "TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE..." INNIT??



ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT STAR TREK IS BAD GRAMMAR?

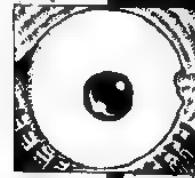


"MY PLAN HAD WORKED!! UNNOTICED I SLIPPED OUTTA THE DOOR..."

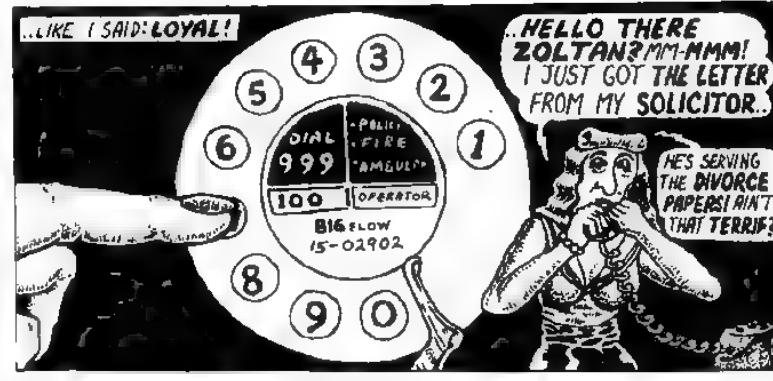
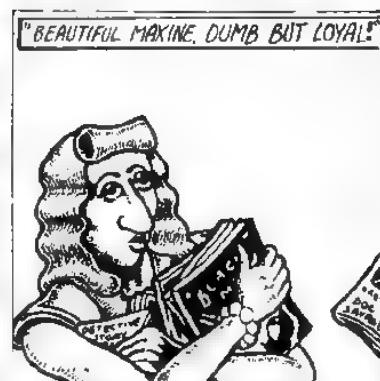


...LOOKIN' FER SUMFINK, GEEZER?

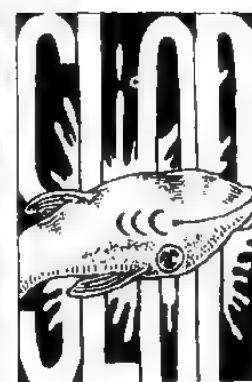
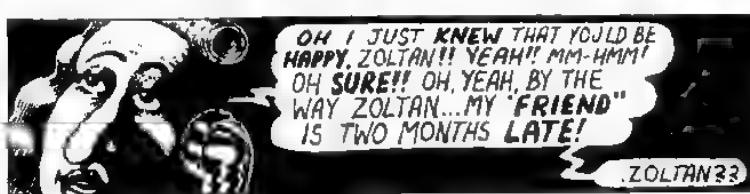




MOSCOW



ROSCOE



TO BE CONTINUED © 2000 CURTIS

THIS SURE WUZ A DAMNED STUPID WAY TO DIES!

"MRS. MOSCOW'S DIARY!"

THIS WEEK:

ROScoe MOSCOW, "WHO KILLED ROCK 'n' ROLL?"



* TRANSLATION: "IT WUZ THE OLD SWITCHEROO! FISH BATTERS MAN!! I WUZ BEIN' BLUDGEONED WITH A GUDGEON, AN' PRETTY SOON THERE WUZ GONNA BE NOTHIN' LEFT BUT AN OLD FEDORA, A BROKEN STOGIE..."



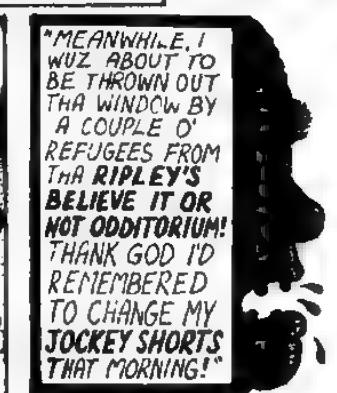
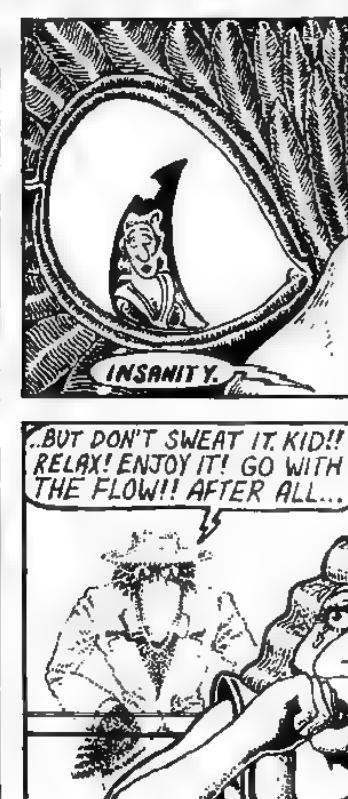
"YOU WERE WIEDER SOBER THAN WHEN YOU WUZ DRUNK! FIRST THERE WUZ THAT AWFUL INCIDENT WHEN YA GOT SACKED FROM THE CANNING FACTORY, AND THEN YOU STARTED TALKIN' TO YASelf, DRESSIN' UP AN' GENERALLY 'ACTIN' FUNNY'!!"



ROSCOE MONTREAL

IN EPISODE
FORTY-
ONE OF

"WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?":
"ONE STEP BEYOND!!"



CHAPTER 42

THE HUMAN butter mountain known as "The Heap" gripped my tortured torso like an anaconda with an emotional problem. He wuz nowhere near as big as the planet Jupiter, but I wuz too weak to . . .

Meanwhile, his boss — a two-headed turkey with stereo halitosis — began to spell out a life story that Linda Lovelace woudla bin hard pressed to swallow. Me, I just wondered where he got his shirts from. . .

"It all began," he whined, "with the Swarfega Brother's travelling circus."



"IT WAS during my tenure as a side show attraction there that I first met "The Heap", a pathetic and unlovable creature who compensated for his mother's lack of affection by eating sacks full of Polyfills.

"It was a grim life, gawped at and tormented by the jeering rubes. All that kept me sane was my love for the Gluck Sisters, an unusual pair of Siamese twins joined at the waist. Lousy conversationalists, but legs that Betty Grable woudla given her arms for!"

"BUT EVEN this tiny sliver of happiness was snatched cruelly from my grasp! The Gluck Sisters left the circus for a job modelling pantyhose and I was heartbroken. I had to bang my heads together to get to sleep at night.

"Despair beckoned! I was a middle-aged man with two heads and no 'O' Levels. Then, into my life walked the creature called Johnny Ratsol! He was no ordinary Coypu-faced curiosity . . . he was AN ORIGINAL!!!



"FREAKS"

"JOHNNY and his best friend, Sid Viscous ("The Human Running Sore") became an overnight sensation! Of the audiences who witnessed their stomach-churning slapstick not a man nor bowel remained unmoved.

"Another new act was Major Retardo. ("World's Most Stupid Sentent Being.") Each night this plucky pinhead perplexed the crowds by forgetting his name, how to stand up, and where his ears were.

"As a finale he would challenge a tin of Kermomeat to a game of chess and lose. . . ."



"AN IDEA began to congeal deep within my brains. . . an idea that would enable us to wash our hands of the Swarfega Brothers and their ilk. . .

"I woud take this quartet of evolutionary toilet jokes and transform them into THE GREATEST ROCK BAND IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD!!

"Oh, there were problems at first. . . . The Heap kept eating his guitars, Retardo would sometimes forget to keep breathing and have to be rushed to hospital. . . . but in the end, by God, we were READY!! The STICK PIMPLES burst upon an unsuspecting world!!!"



ROZEE MOSCOW

THE RISE OF THE SICK PIMPLES IS
LEGENDARY..THE CONTROVERSY, THE
HITS!! LIKE A 9" TURD IN THE "S"-
BEND OF THE COLLECTIVE CONCIOUSNESS
THEY WOULD NOT GO AWAY!!!
WERE SO PRETTY U-UG-LEE!

WERE SO PRETTY U-UG-LEE!



UNTIL, THAT IS, A BRILBURN SMORCH (WORLD'S MOST INEPT SUPER-VILLAIN) TOOK OVER AS THE BAND'S CAREER DIRECTION CONSULTANT



THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG
JOHNNY RATSO **QUIT** TO FORM
P.I.L. (OR **'PROTIEN INCITES
LUST'**) WHO ACHIEVED CRITICAL
ACCLAIM WITH THEIR QUAILTY
PACKAGED **"BARBED WIRE
VASE"** ALBUM...



...ANOTHER SETBACK FOR THE PIMPLES WAS THE POINTLESS DEATH OF DRUMMER RETARDO CAUSED BY THE SUBNORMAL SKINSMAN PISSING INTO A LIGHT SOCKET!



DESPERATE, SMORCH ATTEMPTED TO BOLSTER THE PIMPLES FLAGGING NOTORIETY BY ARRANGING GUEST SPOTS FEATURING FAMOUS CRIMINALS SUCH AS HIPPY HACK ARTISTE "CHEERFUL" CHARLIE MANSON...



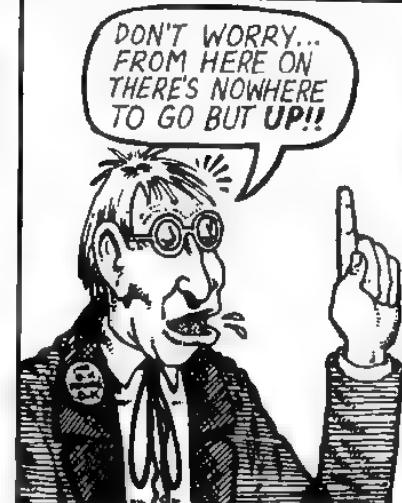
BIGGER DISASTERS WERE TO FOLLOW. SID VISCOSI HAD ALWAYS HAD A PROBLEM WITH JUNK FOOD. ONE NIGHT, AT A PARTY, SOMEONE GAVE HIM A HOSTESS TWINKIE.



..LUCKILY, WE WERE ABLE
TO SALVAGE SOMETHING
FROM THE MESS THAT
SMORCH HAD MADE. WE
RELEASED THE ULTIMATE
SID VISCOSO SOUVENIR TO A
GRATEFUL PUBLIC...



..NATURALLY, WE FIRED SMORC WHO BY NOW HAD GROWN RESIGNED TO PERPETUAL FAILURE. I REMEMBER HIS LAST WORDS TO ME...



...AND THEN, A COUPLE OF MONTHS LATER, WE HEARD HE'D DEVELOPED **CANCER**...



WHADDHE SAY?

I THINK HE SAID "YOU
CAN BREAK MY BODY,
BUT YOU CAN NEVER
BREAK MY SPIRIT!!"

OH. NICE FOR HIM.



..THEY COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN THAT
HE'D ALREADY HAD TWO BIG MACS
AND A CHOCOLATE YOO-HOO!!

TRANSLATION: "C'MON, FELLAS!!
GIVE A GUY A BREAK WITH IT!!"

Roscoe Moscow

IN:
"WHO KILLED
ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

IT WUZ A TOTAL
PANCAKE...EVERY-
BODY FROM KING
KONG DOWN WUZ
SCARED O' HEIGHTS!!
HEE-FUGGIN-DICULOUS!
AFTER ALL...

EPISODE 44:
"WITHOUT A
PADDLE!"

MEANWHILE, BELOW...

HEY.. THEY GOT A
"STRANGE BUT TRUE"
COMPETITION INNA PAPER:
"SEND IN YOUR OWN
STRANGE BUT TRUE
ANECDOTES... \$25 FOR EACH
ONE PUBLISHED!"

..I ONCE HAD
AN AUNT WHO
COULD TALK
TO GOLDFISH...



MEANWHILE, BELOW...

Y KNOW, I BIN A SEWER-
GATOR FOR NIGH ON TEN
YEARS, AN' WE NEVER HAD
IT SO GOOD...EVERY TIME
THERE'S A BIG DOPE BUST
WE GET POUNDS O' FIRST-
RATE HASH FLUSHED
DOWN THE JOHN...

AN' LOTS A HOT
POLAROID SNAPS,
EH, MIZTAH 'GATOR?

EPANTE

YUP.. WHAT COULD BE
MORE CIVILIZED
THAN A FEW STIFF
'J'S AN' THEN "OFF
THA WRIST..."

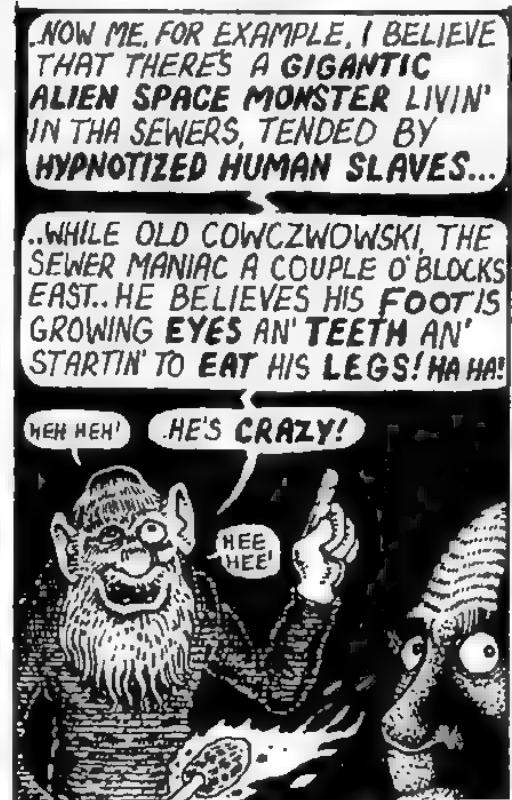
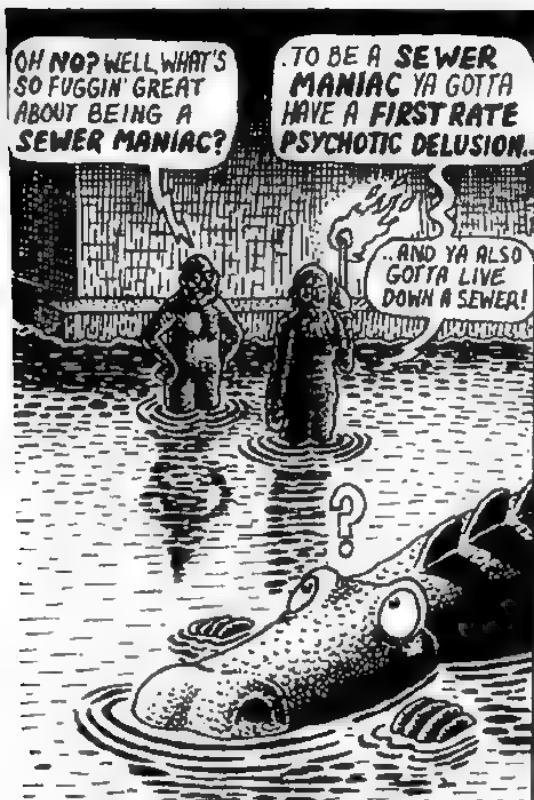
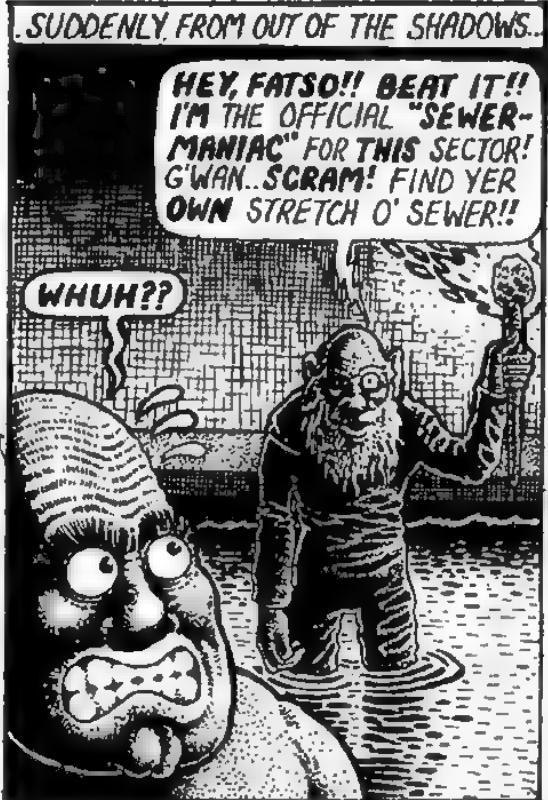
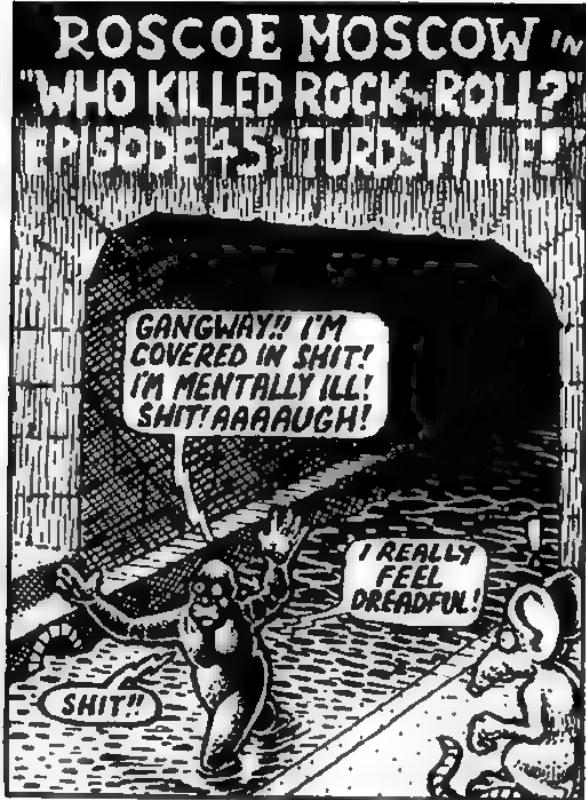
HUH??

GOLLY!!



MORE
SCATALOGICAL
SHIGGERS
NEXT WEEK!

©'80 CURT
VILE.



ROScoe MOSCOW

IN EPISODE 46 OF

WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?

TARZAN OF THE RATS!!

...SO, LIKE, HOW D'YA
GET TA BE A BONA
FIDO 'SEWER MANIAC?
KIN YA TAKE A
CORRESPONDENCE COURSE?

...OR IS IT JUST A
MATTER OF KNOWIN'
THE RIGHT PEOPLE?

...OR WHAT?

ROScoe MOSCOW
IN EPISODE #6 OF
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?
TARZAN OF THE RATS!!

**HAH!! JUST LIKE ALL THE REST! YOU
THINK BEIN' A SEWER MANIAC IS ONE
LONG PARTY!! SO OKAY.. IT'S A JOB WITH
GLAMOUR, LOTS A PRESTIGE, GOOD HOURS,
AN' ALL THE RATS YOU CAN EAT, BUT
ONLY ONE IN A MILLION MAKE THE GRADE..**

..I WUZ BORN IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD,
ONE OF A FAMILY O' NINE! POP DIDN'T
HAVE NO JOB, AN' I GUESS THA THOUGHT
OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED WUZ TOO
MUCH!! I CAN STILL REMEMBER HIS
LAST WORDS TO ME..."

"I REMEMBER THE DISTANT SOUND OF THE CISTERNS REFILLING. THEN THERE WUZ ONLY DARKNESS AND THE RUSHING TORRENTS OF WATER!! HOW I SURVIVED... ME, A KID BARELY OUTTA DIAPERS.. I'LL NEVER KNOW. BUT SOMEHOW I DID..."

NORMALLY, THEY WOULD A TORN ME TO SHREDS, BUT I GOT LUCKY. IT SO HAPPENED THAT ONE OF THE SHE-RATS HAD JUST LOST HER YOUNGSTER TO A 'GATOR, SO SHE ADOPTED ME...TOOK CARE OF ME LIKE I WUZ HER OWN BABY!!

SON, YOU'RE TEN YEARS OLD
NOW...ISN'T IT TIME YOU
THOUGHT ABOUT GROWING
A TAIL?

GEE, MOM!

..I SOON LEARNED ALL THE SKILLS
AND FIGHTING PROWESS OF A REAL RAT!
I COULD GNAW MY WAY THROUGH THREE
THICKNESSES O' HARDBOARD AN RUN UP YA
TROUSERLEE IF I WUZ CORNERED..."

..COURSE, MOMMA SOON PASSED AWAY, AN' I WUZ ON MY OWN AGAIN. BUT I REMEMBERED ALL SHED TAUGHT ME! TO THIS DAY, I CAN STILL TERRIFY MY ENEMIES BY CUTTING LOOSE WITH THE FULL-THROATED ROAR OF THE BULL RAT...

GREEN! GREEN!!

SPINE TINGLIN', HUH?

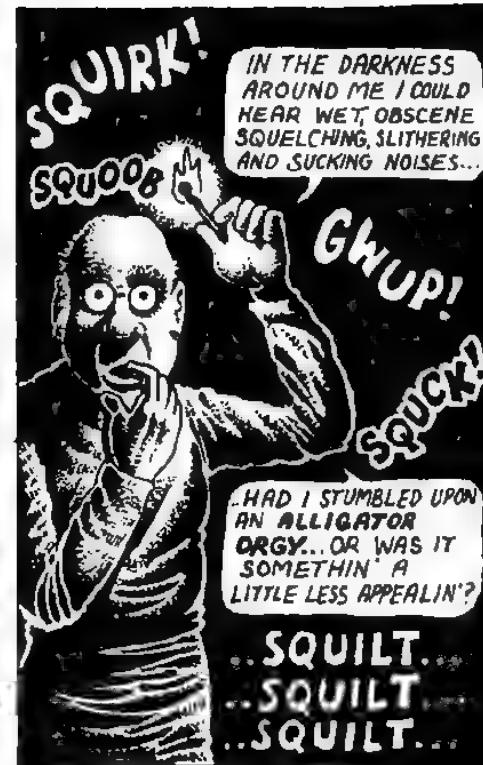
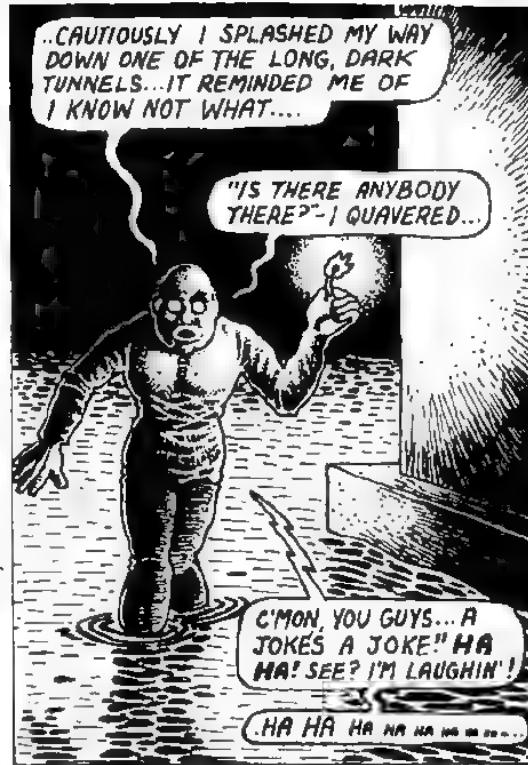
SNICKERS

NATURALLY, THIS WAS BEFORE I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE GIANT TENTACLED SPACE-MONSTER THAT LIVES IN THE SEWERS... IT'S TRAGICALLY IRONIC, AINT IT? ME, AN OUTCAST FROM SOCIETY... THE ONLY PERSON STANDING BETWEEN MANKIND AND AN INVASION O' THINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

BUT DON'T SHED NO TEARS FOR ME
MISTER...I GUESS SOME GUYS ARE
JUST BORN TA BE UNSUNG HEROES.

HAW HAW HAW! THAT'S JUST ABOUT
THE MOST RIDICULOUS STORY I EVER HEARD!
NO WONDER YER OLD MAN STUFFED YA
DOWN THE CRAPPER!! HAW HAW HAW!!

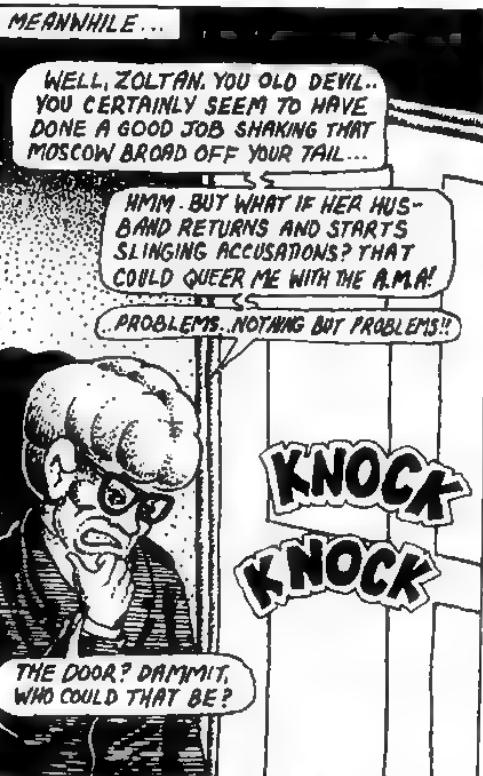
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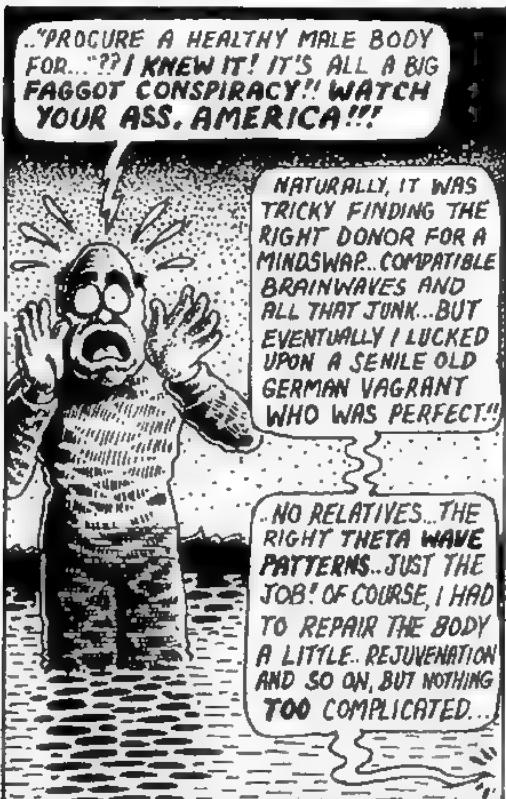
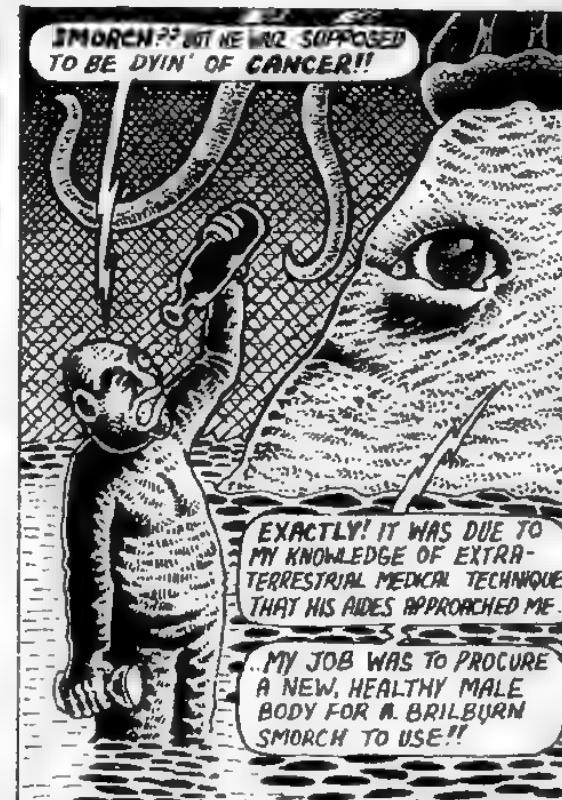
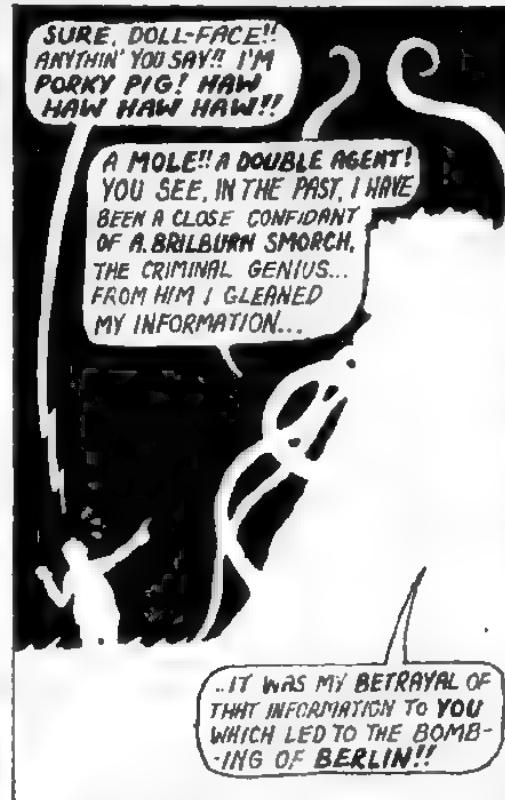
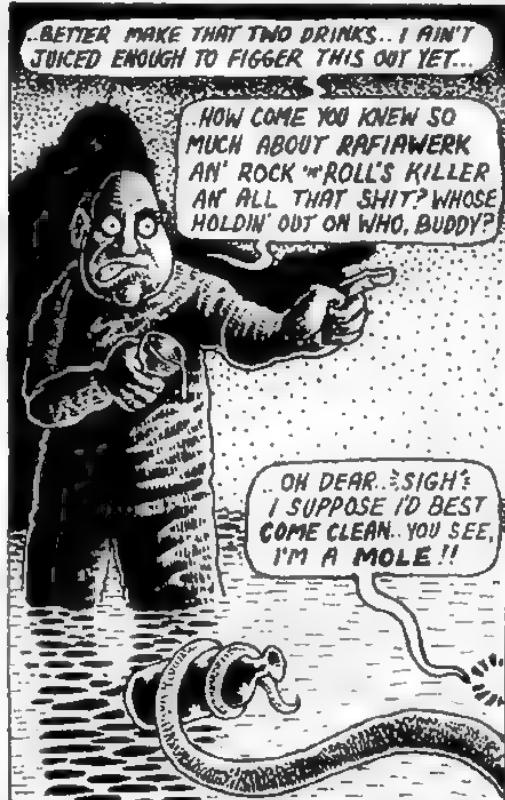


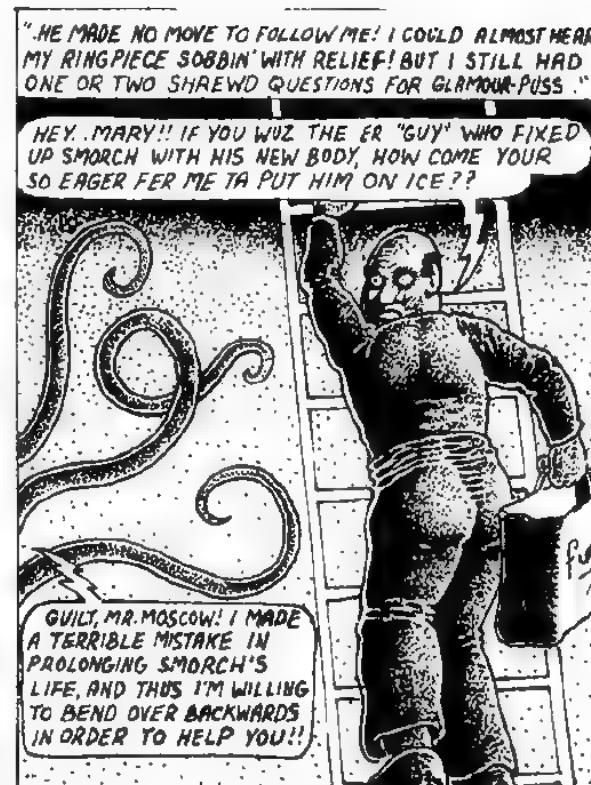
**ROScoe MOSCOW IN:
WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?
EPISODE 47: "MEANWHILES!"**

*.IN WHICH MAXINE CONFIDES
IN A CHUM OVER TEA
AND CREAMCAKES...*

*GEE, CHERYL, YOU WERE RIGHT!
THIS NEW HAIR-DO HAS MADE
ME FORGET ALL ABOUT MY
DESERTION, PREGNANCY, AND
IMPENDING MENTAL BREAKDOWN!*







I CREEP STEALTHILY
THROUGH THE MAZE O'
CORRIDORS... I HAD A
DATE WITH A KILLER!



FINALLY I REACHED A
MASSIVE DOORWAY. VOICES
CAME FROM BEHIND IT.
I PAUSED. WAS I FULLY
PREPARED FOR THIS??



SURE I WUZ! I HAD
MY HEATER, I HAD
MY STEEL-TRAP MIND
AND MY SENSE OF
FAIR PLAY! WHAT ELSE
DID A GUY NEED??



OKAY, YA TURDS!
I'M COMIN' IN!!!



WELCOME TO THE
PARTY, MR. MOSCOW...

DID YOU REMEMBER
THE PETITS FOURLS?

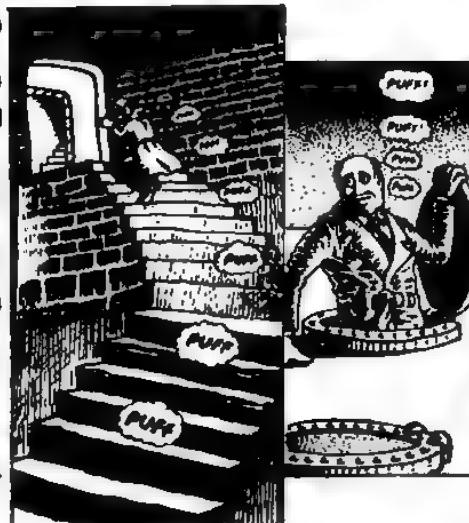
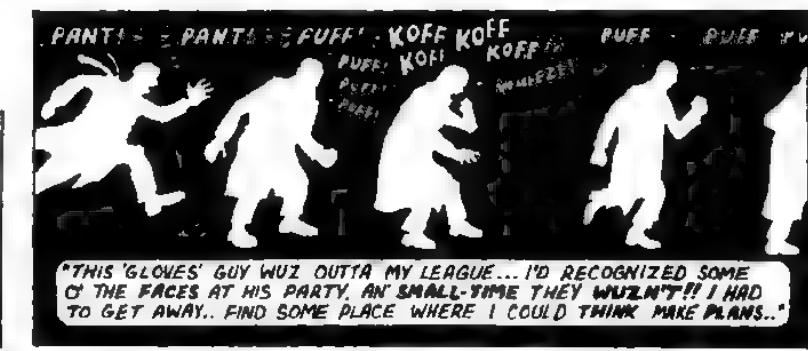
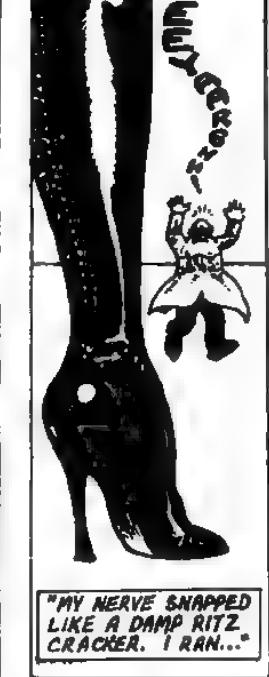
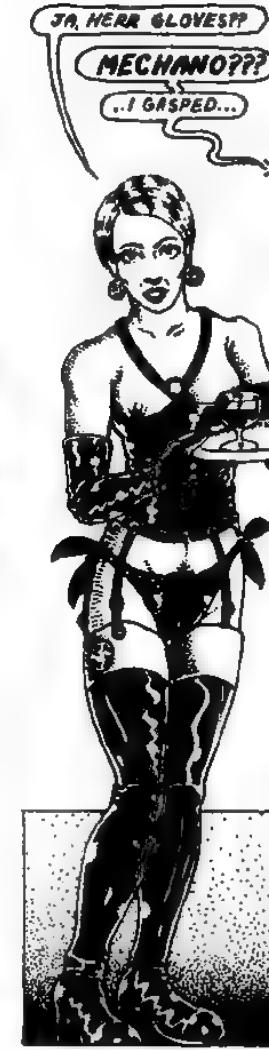
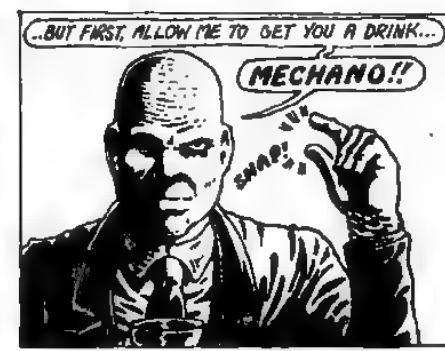


UH ROLL THE
CREDITS, CURT...

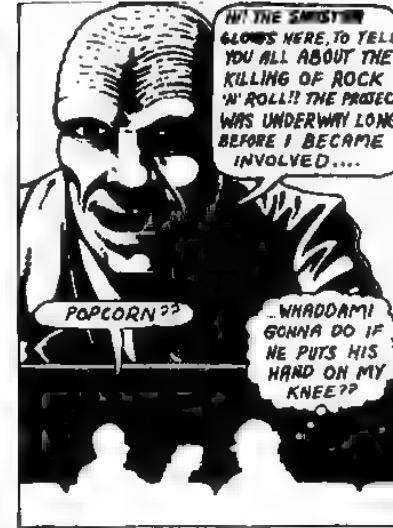
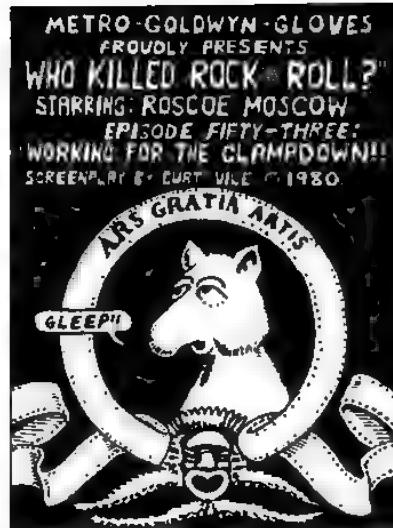
ROSCOE MOSCOW IN:
WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL?
EPISODE 51:
"IT'S MY PARTY!"

ROSCOE MOSCOW IN: "WHO KILLED ROCK 'N' ROLL?"

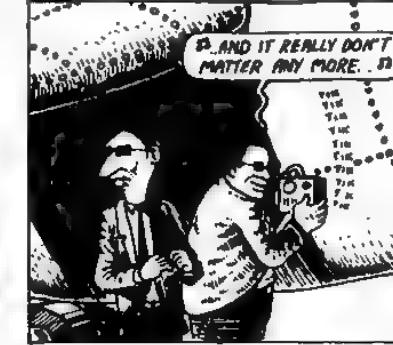
EPISODE FIFTY-FIVE
"TUPENNY FUSH!!"



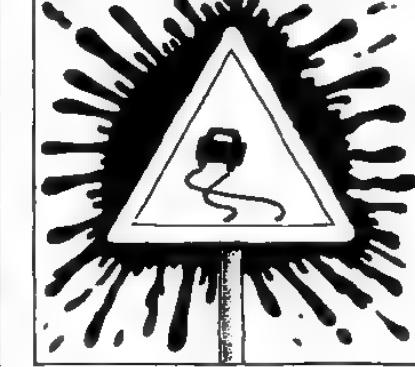
"I ALMOST HAD IT FIGGERED OUT! BY MEANS OF SOME KINDA CONSPIRACY THE HEADS OF ALL NATIONS HAD PULLED TOGETHER TO GREASE ROCK 'N' ROLL! BUT HOW? AND WHY? HOW DID A BRIBURN SMORCH TIE IN WITH THIS? OR THE SIVANA BROS? WHADDABOUT THE ARMADILLO? HOW DO I MANAGE TO TALK WITH MY TEETH CLENCHED TOGETHER? WHO PUT THE RAM IN THE RAMA-LAMA-DING-DONG???"



"IN FACT, IT STARTED AS FAR BACK AS FEBRUARY 2nd 1959. HERE WE SEE TWO EMPLOYEES OF WHAT WAS THEN CALLED 'THE STAMP OUT COON JUNGLE RYTHMS CAMPAIGN' ATTACHING A BOMB TO A CERTAIN PLANE AT MASON CITY AIRPORT, BOUND FOR FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA...."



"'59 AND '60 WERE VINTAGE YEARS. WE GOT BILLIE HOLIDAY IN JUNE '59 WITH A HOT SHOT. THE NEXT YEAR, IN APRIL, EDDIE COCHRAN HAD AN UNFORTUNATE MOTORING 'ACCIDENT'... SADLY, GENE VINCENT GOT OUT ALIVE, FOR A WHILE!!



"OUR AIM WAS TO DEMORALISE THE REBELLIOUS FORCES OF YOUTH. WE SOON DISCOVERED IT WAS EASIER TO BUY ROCKSTARS THAN ELIMINATE THEM. AFTER ALL, WHAT COULD BE MORE DISCOURAGING THAN THE SIGHT OF A ONCE-RESPECTED FIGUREHEAD OF THE REVOLUTION, CORRUPTED BY WEALTH AND FAME?"



"THE FEW WHO RESISTED BOTH TEMPTATION AND THREATS WERE EVENTUALLY CRUSHED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF CIRCUMSTANCE. MANY WERE FORCED INTO SELF-IMPOSED EXILE WHERE THEY WOULD LIVE OUT THEIR DAYS QUIETLY AND INEFFECTUALLY..."



"INSRINTY OFTEN PROVED A USEFUL TOOL. HERE WE SEE A LEADING 'PSYCHE-DELIC VISIONARY OF THE MID-SIXTIES BEING GIVEN A SUBSTANCE HE BELIEVED TO BE LSD... IT WAS IN FACT ENTROPIONE, AN EXPERIMENTAL HALLUCINogen THAT CAUSES 'BUMPS' OF FIFTEEN YEARS DURATION. HE WAS NO MORE TROUBLE..."



"THE MURDER AND REPLACEMENT OF PAUL MC CARTNEY WAS OUR FINEST DOUBLE BLUFF!! BY LEAVING BLATANT CLUES EVERYWHERE WE MADE IT APPEAR AS IF THE WHOLE THING WERE A PIECE OF FANCIFUL PARANOIA, BELIEVED ONLY BY THE CREDULOUS AND THE TERMINALLY DEMENTED...."



"SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, WE COULD AFFORD TO BE OPEN IN OUR MURDER ATTEMPTS. IN JAMAICA, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WAS EASY TO USE EXISTING POLITICAL TENSION TO EXPLAIN AWAY OUR ACTIVITIES..."



*ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF ERIC FULLER'S FORTHCOMING "AIRGUNS AND REGGAE" MAGAZINE. PLACE ORDERS NOW.

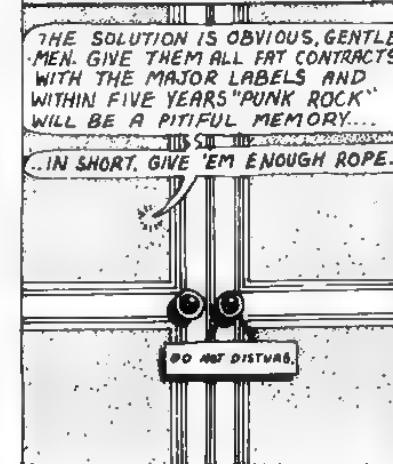
"AS TIME WENT ON, OUR METHODS BECAME MORE AND MORE SOPHISTICATED... THE ELECTRIFIED BATHTUB (PARIS '71)... THE SODIUM MORPHATE-LACED CHEESEBURGER (MEMPHIS '77) OR, IN THE CASE OF JIMI HENDRIX, AN INGENIOUS SLOW POISON, COATING HIS GUITAR STRINGS..."



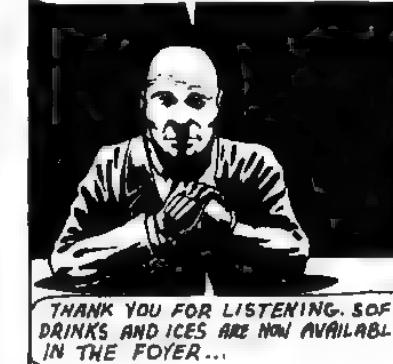
"IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, HOWEVER WE BEGAN TO HAVE TROUBLE!! FOR SOME REASON, YOUTH FOUGHT BACK!! THERE WAS A MASSIVE RESURGENCE OF GODLESS ANARCHY, HATRED OF AUTHORITY AND ALL THE OTHER EVILS WE THOUGHT WE'D ERADICATED..."



"IT WAS THEN THAT I, THE SINISTER GLOVES TOOK OVER AS DIRECTOR OF CLANDESTINE OPERATIONS..."



"NATURALLY, THERE ARE STILL ONE OR TWO RUGGED IDEALISTS WHO CONTINUE TO POSE PROBLEMS FOR US... BUT WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE! WE KNOW WHERE THEY LIVE!"



"MY MIND WUZ REELIN'!! NOW I KNEW HOW ROCK 'N' ROLL HAD BIN OFFED, BUT NOT WHY! WHAT WUZ THE 'MOTIVE? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE WORTH OVER THIRTY YEARS OF INTRICATE PLOTTIN' AN' INTRIGUE?? I MEAN, LEAVE US FACE IT, BUDDY..."



IT MADE PARANOIDS LOOK LIKE COCK-EYED OPTIMISTS! THE COMBINED GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD HAD COMBINED UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE SINISTER GLOVES TO WIPE OUT ROCK-ROLL. THE ONLY QUESTION REMAINING WAS... WHUFOH??

...WHICH REMINDS ME...
...HOW'S YA MOM, ED ???



*NO OFFENCE IS INTENDED TO ANY READER WHO MAY ACTUALLY BE SUFFERING FROM THIS UNPLEASANT OPTICAL DEFECT.—THE AUTHOR.

"ADDED TO THIS, THE POLICE FORCE, WORKING IN COLLABORATION WITH EXTREME RIGHT WING GROUPS, HAVE SLOWLY BROUGHT RACIAL TENSIONS TO A FEVER-PITCH."



THE REASON WHY SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, MR MOSCOW... PERHAPS IT IS BEST EXPLAINED IN CONTEXT OF OUR OTHER OPERATIONS THOSE CURRENTLY UNDERWAY IN GREAT BRITAIN FOR EXAMPLE



"OVER THE YEARS, WE HAVE SLOWLY TIGHTENED THE SCREWS ON THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN.. LIKE THE ARTIFICIAL ECONOMIC CRISIS AND CRIPPLING INFLATION WHICH HAS RENDERED MANY OF THEM DESTITUTE..."



..WHILE THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROGRAMME HAS THROWN MILLIONS UPON THE MERCY OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY SYSTEM, WHOSE PRIME FUNCTION IS TO FURTHER DEGRADE AND HUMILIATE THE POOR BASTARDS



'NATURALLY, ANOTHER FUNCTION OF MASS UNEMPLOYMENT IS TO FORCE THE TRADE UNIONS INTO MILITANT STRIKE ACTION, WHICH SERVES TO INCREASE THE MISERY OF THE MASSES



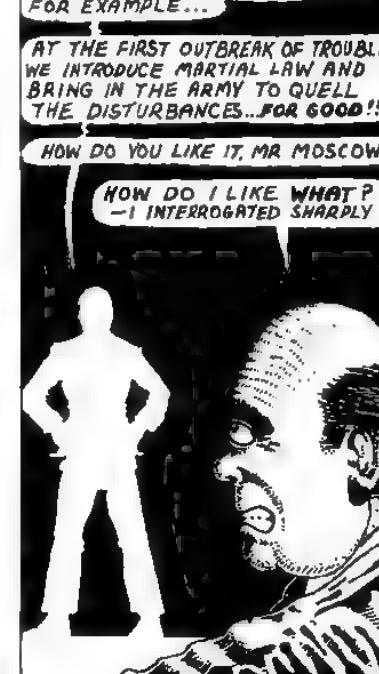
"MEANWHILE, SKILLFUL USE OF THE MEDIA HAS MADE THE RELEASE OF SEXUAL RELATIONS INTO AN AREA FRAUGHT WITH SHAME, GUILT AND FEAR OF INADEQUACY..."



THE ONLY OTHER FORM OF ESCAPE FROM MISERY AND Tedium WHICH THE HAPLESS TURDS HAVE RE COURS TO IS ROCK 'N' ROLL... AND NOW, ROCK 'N' ROLL IS DEAD!!



WE WANT A REVOLUTION, MR. MOSCOW
THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN TRAINING
TROOPS IN AREAS WHICH CLOSELY
RESEMBLE URBAN HOME TERRITORY
AREAS LIKE NORTHERN IRELAND.



WHY.. THE IDEA OF A WORLD-WIDE POLICE STATE BY THE MID NINETEEN EIGHTIES, OF COURSE!!



TO BE CONTINUED... ④'80 CURS VILLE. THE PERVERS PLAYERS

ROSCOE MOSCOW

INSIGHTFUL COMMENTS ON
THE HUMAN CONDITION:
NUMBER 1:

"WATER? DO I NEED IT?
I'VE HAD TO SHOOT MY
HORSE!"

- CLARK GABLE.

"A WORLDWIDE POLICE STATE BY
1985!! THE IDEA WUZ ONLY SLIGHTLY
MORE UPSETTIN' THAN A LARGE
TARANTULA IN THA BIDET....

"WHAT I COULDN'T FIGGER WUZ HOW
SMORCH HAD MANAGED IT! I MEAN, AS
A MASTER CRIMINAL HE MADE A
PEACHY HATSTAND! WHAT GAVE?"



"IT WUZ A PROBLEM...IT TURNED OVER IN
MY MIND LIKE A HERNIA BELT IN A
TUMBLE DRYER. SUDDENLY, SMORCH BEGAN
MAKIN' MOUTH MUSIC..."

"HOW TRAGIC THAT WE SHOULD BE ENEMIES,
MR MOSCOW, WHEN IN HAPPIER CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MIGHT HAVE MET AS FRIENDS....
SHARED A SIX-PACK TOGETHER WHILE
WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES...LORNED EACH
OTHER POWER-MOWERS...BUT ALAS, FATE
IS CRUEL! THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WATH US..."



"THIS WUZ A NEW TWIST! MY EYES
NARROWED TO RAZOR SLITS..."

"THAT AN' A DIME WILL BUY ME A
CUPPA COFFEE, BUDDY BOY!"
I GROWLED. "WHATTAYA TRYIN'
TO SUGGEST???"



EPISODE
55:

"THE
SELLING OF
ROSCOE
MOSCOW!"

"WILD ROCK 'N' BOLUP"

"..THE DRAFT-CARD BURNING NANCY-BOYS! THE
AFRO-SPORTING DARKIES SELLING REEFERS
TO OUR GONS AND JAZZING OUR DAUGHTERS!
SLICK KIKE LAWYERS PLEADING "BROKEN
HOME" FOR EVERY PIMPLY-FACED MOTOR-
CYCLE HOODLUM WHO EVER SWIDED A
HUBCAP!"

"GODDAMMIT, THAT'S RIGHT! AND DON'T
FERGET THE PUERTO RICANS..THEY
COOK THEIR GARBAGE, YOU KNOW THAT?
AN' PUSHY WIMMENS LIBBER TYPES
WITH ALL THIS CLITORIS JUNK AN'
YEAST INFECTIONS AN' ALL A THAT
SHIT! TURNS YA STUMICK!!



"WELL SAID, MR MOSCOW..WERE
ON THE SAME SIDE AFTER ALL!!
A MAN LIKE YOU DIDN'T FIGHT
IN WORLD WAR II SO SOME
JERK-OFF SOCIOLOGY STUDENT
COULD HAVE THE FREEDOM TO
PISS ON THE FLAG!!



"..AND WHAT SORT OF JOB DOES THE WORLD
OFFER A MAN OF YOUR TALENTS? A POSITION
IN A CANNING FACTORY? PSHAW!!

"AND THEN THERE'S WOMEN...BE FRANK, MR.
MOSCOW...WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID
OF YOUR RAMPANT MALENESS! YOUR SEXUALITY!"

"UH-YEAH, YEAH!! THAT MUST BE WHY
THEY'RE ALLUS LAUGHIN' AT ME...
THEY JUST DUNNO HOW TA HANDLE
A REAL, RED-BLOODED MAN!!



"WHEREAS WORKING WITH ME
YOU'D HAVE THE CHANCE TO MEET
REAL WOMEN...WOMEN WHO
KNOW WHAT A MAN LIKE YOU NEEDS..

"..LIKE, SAY, MECHANO HERE..."



"I THOUGHT ABOUT IT FER MAYBE
A SECOND ANNA HALF...IT WUZ THE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! AN' WHY
SHOULDN'T I? EVERYBODY ELSE WUZ
GETTIN' THEIR PIECE O' THE PIE...
I FIGGERED I WUZ WAY OVERDUE
FER MY SLICE...."

"OKAY, SMORCH...I'M YER MAN!!
WHAT KINDA PENSION SCHEME
YOU GUYS RUNNIN'???"

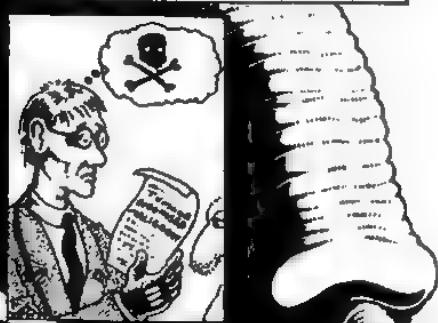


"SMORCH?? DEAR ME, MR. MOSCOW,
I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE REALIZED
THE TRUTH BY NOW!! YOU SEE...
I'M NOT A BRILBURN SMORCH!!



TO BE CONTINUED 0'80 CURT VILE.

"I'D MADE A DEAL WITH THE SINISTER GLOVES! BUT WHO WUZ HE, EGGZACKLY?"



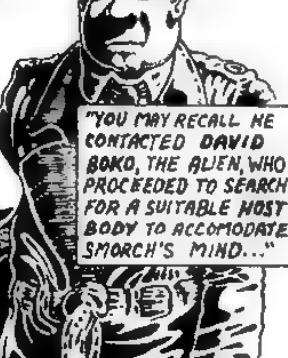
"YOU SEEM SURPRISED TO FIND THAT I AM NOT A BRIBURN SMORCH! PERHAPS I SHOULD RECAP ON SMORCH'S ACTIONS SINCE THE FATEFUL DAY HE DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS DYING OF CANCER!"



"I REMEMBER THAT FATEFUL DAY IN THE LABORATORY... BOKO HAD LOANED SMORCH THE NECESSARY MIND-TRANSFER MACHINE AND HAD INSTRUCTED HIM ON ITS USE... SMORCH AND THE DRUGGED VAGRANT WERE STRAPPED INTO POSITION AS THE DEMENTED SIVANA BROTHERS SET THE CONTROLS..."



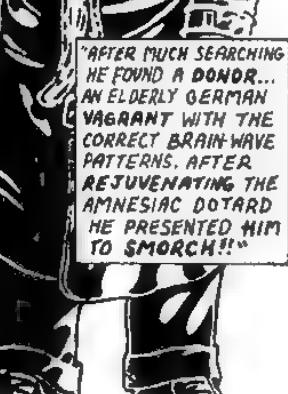
"SOME THING, BOSS! NYAH HAH HAH!!"



"BUT THEN FATE INTERVENED, AS IT SO OFTEN HAD DURING SMORCH'S PATHETIC CRIMINAL CAREER! JUST AS BOTHWINS SIVANA WAS ABOUT TO THROW THE MASTER SWITCH... JUST AS VICTOR SIVANA HASTENED TO REMOVE SMORCH'S INCONTINENT PET ARMADILLO FROM NEAR THE MACHINE..."



"POWER GOING ON NOW! YEE HEE HEE HEE!!"



"AFTER MUCH SEARCHING HE FOUND A DONOR... AN ELDERLY GERMAN VAGRANT WITH THE CORRECT BRAIN-WAVE PATTERNS. AFTER REJUVENATING THE AMNESIAC DOTARD HE PRESENTED HIM TO SMORCH!!"

"THE EFFECT WAS UN-ELECTRIFYING!!"



"GASP! A SHORT CIRCUIT! HOW TERRIBLE!! HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!"

"IT TOOK A WHILE TO WORK OUT JUST WHOSE MIND WAS IN WHOSE BODY...."



"QUENTIN? BUT I THOUGHT THAT YER ARMADILLO'S MONICKER WUZ AMBROSE! AN' WHUT HAPPENED TO SMORCH'S MIND? WHERE'D IT GO??"



"ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE AMBROSE BRIBURN SMORCH!!"



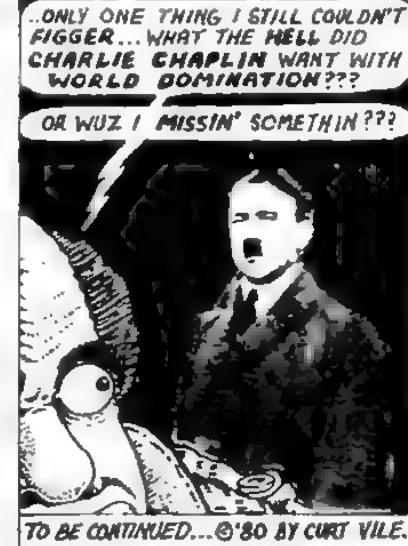
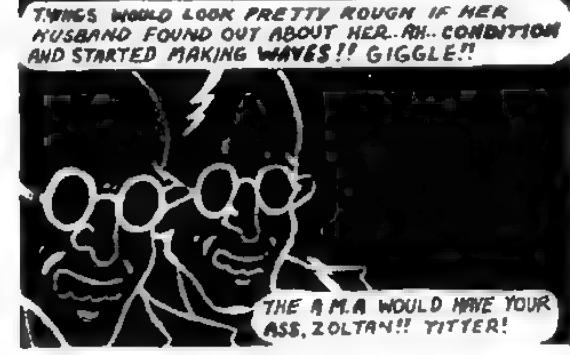
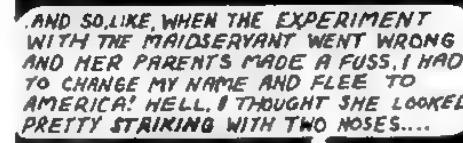
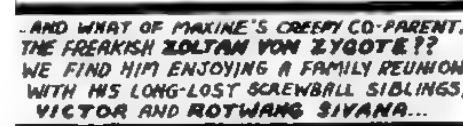
"AND AS FOR ME, I WAS THE REJUVENATED GERMAN VAGRANT. THE POWERFUL ELECTRICAL JOLT HAD RESTORED MY MEMORY, BUT HAD LEFT MY BASIC PERSONALITY TOTALLY UNTOUCHED..."



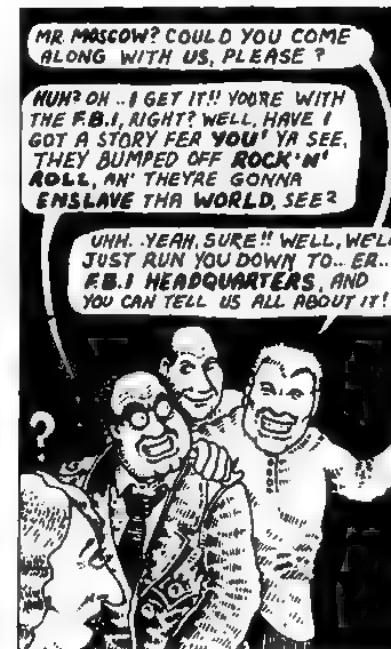
"AMBROSE MOSCOW IN EPISODE 56 OF: WHO KILLED ROCK-ROLL? 'THE LAST GREAT SWITCHEROO!'"



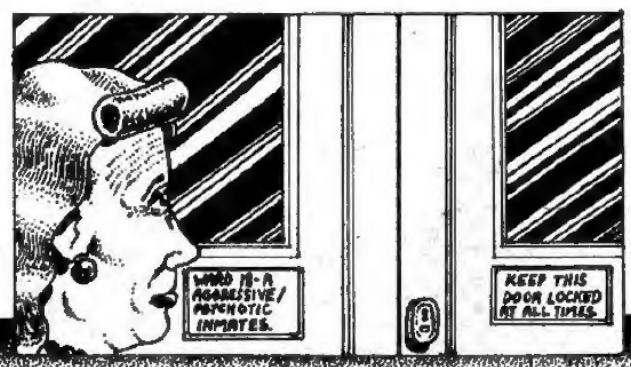
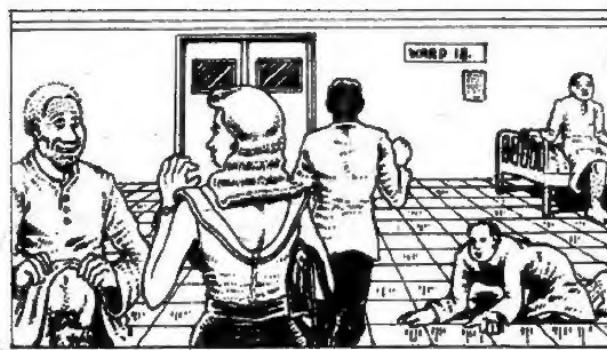
"TO BE CONTINUED... © 80 CURT VILE."



Dear Alan - here's that special moscoe moscow heading I told you about, all done in full colour with the beautifull, illuminated lettering saying "PISEODE 3 : 'COMIN' FOR TO CARRY ME HOME!" hope you like all the thousands of tiny angels and the intricate scroll-like all the magenta and gold. It's taken me months to do, and I only hope that it prints well and doesn't just turn out as a blank white space. wouldn't that be awful? -Yours, Curtile.



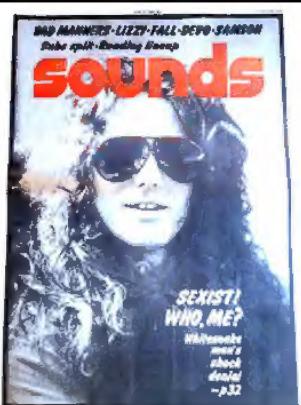
TO BE CONTINUED... © 1984 SILAT.



ROSCOE MOSCOW. 60: "LIFE'S IMPROPER NUMBER!"

The very last episode (sob!) of the world's most loved/hated comic strip...





AGENT OF MISFORTUNE

IS THERE any intelligent life which reads *Sounds*? I should hope so. Then why insult it? I — like most people, no doubt — enjoy a good joke but after reading a recent 'episode' of

Roscoe Moscow's adventures I wanted to crawl into a corner and vomit! The 'jokes' to which I refer were not only cheap, naive, stupid and ignorant, they were also insulting to anyone with a minimum of intelligence because of their cheapness and because of their blatant mocking prejudice. For those who can't recollect or don't know what I'm talking about I'm referring to jokes about bending over backwards and the like about the "homosexual space-monster".

Firstly, it's insulting because of its cheap datedness and total lack of originality (it's not even funny in other words); secondly it's insulting to lesbians as it assumes they don't exist; thirdly, it's insulting to gay men because of its mockery and its weird ideas of what a gay man is; and fourthly it's insulting to every reader since it assumes that people who read *Sounds* are stupid enough not only to find it funny but supposedly realistic as well!

"Don't take it all so seriously" you may say — I wouldn't, if it weren't so very clear what the general 'line' of *Sounds* is on sexism, feminism, and homosexuality (ie they don't really exist except in the weird imaginations of a small minority). Why don't you take the same attitude to Jews, socialists, the Irish and racial minorities, then you can claim to be truly ignorantly prejudiced!

You could also not print this letter as well to get the set — against freedom of speech too! — Yours disgustedly, Derek Hitchcock.



ROSCOE MOSCOW: a jerk, pure and simple

CURT REPLIES

WHEN IT comes to critical barbs, I'm a boy who's not easily wounded. Believe me, I've got a skin like a rhino as well as the moral sensitivity of one.

Consequently, on the odd occasions when readers have hurled abuse at Roscoe Moscow in the past, I've contented myself with a shrug of my broad shoulders and been able to rationalise it away with something along the lines of, "Well, it's probably Savage Pencil writing in under an assumed name" or, "Some people have just got fucked-up values, I guess." But after Deak Hitchcock's letter (May 3) I'm afraid my much-reckoned cool is unmaintainable.

Okay, the guy's obviously upset. His uncle's just died, so soon after receiving a knighthood, and obviously he wants to take it out on somebody. But ME? Liberal, fun-loving Curt Vile, friend of the earth, devoted parent and animal lover, some of whose best friends are negroes? Can Derek Hitchcock really wish to brand this near-saint as some Anita Bryantist homosexual-lynching anti-semitic neo-fascist monster? Or what?

At the risk of ruining a halfway decent joke by explaining it, perhaps I should point out that Roscoe Moscow is *not* meant to be a very nice character. He's terrified of women, he's terrified of homosexuals, he has a deep and xenophobic loathing of foreigners, he's a card carrying Republican who campaigned for Nixon, he's an alcoholic, sexually inadequate neurotic who can't hold down a job and dresses up like a private eye as part of a pathetic attempt at self-respect. He's a jerk, purely and simply.

And if I really wanted to insult the

intelligence of *Sounds*' readership then I'd take the above paragraph and put it in a little disclaimer box at the bottom of the strip every week, just to make absolutely sure that no impressionable adolescent ran away with the idea that I was outlining my own personal philosophy for love, happiness and improved interpersonal relationships by way of the bigoted junk that fills Roscoe Moscow's word balloons.

Now, in a way, I'm quite genuinely flattered that Derek Hitchcock (or indeed anybody) actually takes the time to read Roscoe Moscow and to consider the moral implications, real or imagined. On the other hand, it's a touch discouraging to be presented with a bunch of arse-backwards conclusions delivered in a more-liberal-than-thou tone of righteous indignation, especially when the only reason I'd ever turned to the letters page was to see if there were any more pictures of people purporting to look like dead celebrities.

Please note that I'm not claiming that Roscoe Moscow is a *good* comic strip, or even a mildly funny one. For my money, Savage Pencil's got the edge any day of the week, and I'll fight anyone who says otherwise. All I'm saying is that Curt Vile likes to think of himself as a friend to *all* the people, irrespective of class, colour, place of worship or whatever the hell they wish to do with their private parts. — Curt Vile.

PS: Are you by any chance in the market for snapshots of a genius Charles Manson clone? I know Charlie's not as fashionable as Sid Vicious these days, but on the other hand, he DID used to take drugs and stab people. Any offers?

ROScoe MOSCOW

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